

# COUNTRY LIFE

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SWAINE.

THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK AND HER CHILDREN.

106, New Bond Street, W.

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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## British Farmers and French Agricultural Distress.

A GENEROUS impulse has led the agricultural classes in this country to proffer a helping hand to such of their French brethren as are suffering from the effects of invasion. Nor to France alone is this good office tendered, but to our other Allies. Serbia, for instance, has already received substantial and practical help. At the first blush it might appear as though the appeals to our farmers were superfluous. So heavy are the demands upon the benevolent that it seems almost unfair to ask them to do more. Very little consideration will, however, be sufficient to show that this is a superficial view. British farmers enjoy advantages denied to the others. Surrounded by the ocean, they have hitherto been immune from attack. If the enemy has been able to molest and injure other dwellers in this island, he has, so far at least, been powerless to inflict injury upon agriculturists. Their fields are not ravaged and laid waste as are those of Belgium and Serbia, their homesteads are not destroyed as if by an earthquake, like those of Northern France, and their produce has not been forced into storage like Russian wheat at Odessa by the intervention of hostile ships and mines. On the contrary, the British farmer has been enabled to pursue his calling in security. He may have been inconvenienced to some extent by the commandeering of his horses, the scarcity of labour, the enhanced cost of feeding stuffs, the difficulty in obtaining certain much used artificial manures; but these are very petty discomforts in the eyes of those who have seen their fields trampled into a wilderness by the

march and counter-march of armies, whose livestock have been stolen or destroyed, whose wives and families have been driven out by the shell fire that devastated their homesteads. Further, those who know will not question the statement that war prices have been sufficiently high to insure a large margin of profit; that, in fact, the British farmer's prosperity has been advanced by the war.

In these circumstances help extended towards our Allies must be regarded in the first place as an expression of sympathy and goodwill, and, in the second, as a thank-offering. But these considerations should not blind anyone to the fact that there is urgent need of all that can be given. It may seem an extraordinary thing to say, but the people in France itself do not realise the immensity of the destruction accomplished by the Germans in the valleys of the Marne and the Meuse. We do not blame them for that either. They have been engrossed in helping the army and in personal and national anxieties to such an extent that they have not had sufficient opportunity to think fully about the sufferers. It is, however, calculated roughly that very nearly 100,000 people have been rendered homeless or indigent by the reckless destruction of property which took place during the advance of the invading army last August, or occurred when an unfortunate village happened to lie between the contending armies. It is as if an earthquake had shaken and toppled over hundreds and hundreds of houses in such places as Someuse, Veraubert, and many dozens of other villages in the locality. It is true that in their misfortune the people have not been entirely forsaken. First of all, very great credit must be given to the Society of Friends, which has made centres at several places, and largely through the help of volunteers is building and mending so as at least to find cover for those unfortunates who, during the past winter, have been forced to make the best they could of such cellars and caverns as had been spared. Huts are being built; in some cases houses are being re-erected. Where the walls are standing, roofs are being put over, so that shelter may be provided. Again, the Société des Agriculteurs de France has not been idle. It has raised subscriptions for the purpose of providing seeds and manures for those bereft of means, and another philanthropic agency has been established to buy for each hut or other temporary dwelling such articles of furniture as are absolutely necessary.

What remains for Great Britain to do is to purchase for those in distress the implements, machinery and livestock which are essential to profitable farming. Already steps in this direction have been taken. A good supply of reaping machines was purchased and delivered in time for the major part of the harvest, and at least two threshing machines of the kind most favoured in the district have been bought and are probably ready for use at the moment. The batteuse most in use is a thresher driven by petrol with a 6 h.p. engine. A larger and more powerful one would not be so suitable, because this can be easily moved about from place to place. The thresher will be put into the guardianship of the préfet or maire, so that the small cultivators can have the use of it in turn. More machines of this kind are required, and we hope the need for them will soon be infinitely greater. In other words, we hope that the Meuse valley will be freed of the Germans as much as the Marne valley is now. After the equipment for harvest has been provided, the next matter that needs attention is the stocking of the farms with cattle, sheep and pigs. The district is one in which a considerable amount of money was made out of poultry and rabbits, and local efforts are being made to provide these, but scarcely, as we think, on a large enough scale.

It will be seen that those who wish to do something for the war will find a splendid opportunity in attending to the necessities thus indicated. We may not be able to do all that we could wish, but France is in a mood to value very highly the expression of goodwill. This will do more than money to hearten and encourage our friends and Allies.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a charming new portrait study of the Duchess of Norfolk and her children.

\* \* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

# COUNTRY



## NOTES

THE mission to France of Lord Northbrook, Mr. C. Adeane and the writer was undertaken on behalf of the Committee of the Agricultural Allies Relief Fund for the purpose of ascertaining what could be most usefully done to relieve the distress of those farmers in the Marne Valley whose homesteads were last autumn destroyed by incendiaryism and shell-fire, their machinery broken and ruined, their land devastated. In our leading article will be found a statement of the immediate requirements, which are briefly, houses to be rebuilt and furnished and the provision of agricultural machinery and implements, livestock, seeds and manures. Various agencies are at work. The Society of Friends is building the houses, a French fund supplying the necessities of furniture and the Société des Agriculteurs de France attending to the seeds, so that what remains for the Agricultural Relief Fund is the onerous task of finding a new equipment of agricultural machinery and stock to replace those destroyed or taken by the Germans. In subsequent numbers we propose to give a detailed story of the tour, and for the moment it will be enough to offer a few remarks based on a civilian's observation of last year's devastation and the needs it has left behind.

NEEDLESS to say, a visit to the scene of last autumn's mighty operations and this year's grim conflict is calculated to stir thought and imagination to their depth, and it is difficult to select from its crowding impressions the most poignant, but nothing could be more vivid than the recognition of France's new spirit. Looking back for twelve months it is easy to recall a thousand grounds for uneasiness. France seemed given over to pleasure and gaiety; it was an abode of levity with evidences of intrigue and corruption not far to seek. But the war like a searching fire has discovered again those glorious qualities which for so many centuries made the country renowned. The soul of young France shines out in a story from the line at Notre-Dame-de-Lorette. A battalion was just about to attack when a German shell burst and struck a young soldier. His commanding officer extended an arm to support him, and, greatly moved, kept saying, "My poor child! My poor child!" But the soldier, with a cheery look at his chief, replied, "What luck it was not you, mon commandant!" and died. In the phrase is embodied the devotion of an army in which all are for the country and none is for himself. Not lightheartedly, not even in the spirit of adventure natural to youth, but with wholehearted devotion is the flower of the young manhood fighting the great fight. It is as though each and all were animated by the words inscribed on Garibaldi's monument at Paris.

PARIS, the heart and brain of France, has become infected with a great seriousness. It is not there as in London, where the battle thunder seems always farther away than it actually is. The laughter has gone out of its eyes. Young people, girls as well as men, have disappeared from the streets. Shops are in a large measure closed, as the legend written on them says, "till the war is over," or marked "A louer," and the Boulevards are deserted. At night the town is darkened far more effectually than London. French has delicate inflexions, finer than can be expressed in English, and if we say a *morne silence* prevails, it gets nearer fact than to say

a "melancholy silence." It must never be forgotten that the war is comparatively close to the gates of Paris—a two hours' journey takes the traveller to Chalons, and Chalons is within an easy motor run of the German lines in the Argonne Forest. Besides, the capital is far more frequently assailed by hostile aircraft than appears from the newspaper reports. Not much damage is done, however, thanks chiefly to the efficiency, vigilance and skill of the French aviators.

WHAT English people do not fully realise is the high expectations that were raised in the minds of all our Allies when Britain declared war. Eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses have told how, before definite intelligence of that event arrived, the streets of Russian towns were thronged with anxious crowds, who passed from depression to exultation at the news and embraced and cheered one another. In Belgium mothers comforted their children as they fled from fire and sword, from blood and outrage, by telling them "the English are coming." France cowered under the threats of Berlin till that momentous occasion at Algeciras when she felt herself supported by the grip of Britain. Those who do not remember and appreciate this are not in a position to estimate the disappointment experienced by the common people. Of course, the more enlightened know. Ask General Serrail, ask General Langley de Carey, ask any other distinguished military leader from the Commander-in-Chief downwards, and he understands perfectly the position of those to whom they love to refer as "les Anglais, nos alliés, nos amis." So do the statesmen M. Poincaré and M. Viviani and the politicians and journalists who support them. They recognise what we have done on the water, and that the instant mobilisation of the British Fleet paralysed the efforts of the German navy, who had to suffer the internment of millions of pounds' worth of tonnage and the loss of as much more. To them the creation and equipment in twelve months of an army numbered by millions, and trained to challenge on the field of battle Germany's boast of possessing the greatest fighting machine the universe has known, is one of the miracles of history.

IN regard to the last mentioned, the plans of the Germans are now perfectly well known. They meant, if they had got into Paris, to bombard and destroy it piece by piece till the French came to terms. Joffre's splendid strategy and the invincible valour of the British were their salvation. And soldiers know that the delay in putting forth the whole power of the British Empire is only what might have been expected. It was not possible for a nation with but a small army to build up in twelve months one that was a match for the legions which Germany and Austria have trained and organised and prepared during long years, during more than a quarter of a century. But to hear the common people talk is to become aware of a certain disappointment. They, thinking of the five hundred miles held by the French and the length held by the British, ask where are the millions that have enlisted in Kitchener's Army. Living almost within hearing of the guns, they are embittered by the Welsh coal strike. Here were, indeed, a selfish few grasping at pounds, shillings and pence while gallant lives were being sacrificed for lack of ammunition. The writer frequently heard this expressed with a tone of disillusion and disappointment. Nor can they be persuaded that it is otherwise, that great things will happen if they but "wait and see." "Wait," exclaimed one, and then he muttered the significant phrase Bismarck applied to Austria, "saigner à mort."

THIS is what statesmen here in London have to consider. One comes back to hear of miserable disputes, of reluctance to utilise all the resources of the Empire for the ending of the war. The occasion demands the appearance of some leader of infinite courage and tact who will hearten and cheer and encourage the French "to stick it out." That is the crying need of the moment. At the moment there is as great a demand upon statesmanship as upon high military genius, upon the eloquent mouth as upon the sharp sword. Indeed, a William Pitt is needed to bring rapidly into correlation all the forces of the Allies, and at the same time instil confidence and dissipate the first seeds of disappointment. At the moment the French nation is like a skilled and unconquerable swordsman with his back to the wall, using his weapon with the deadliest skill, his eye full of daring and resolve, courage mantling his cheek and resolve carrying home his blows, but at the same time aware that he is facing odds. Such a swordsman would fight with redoubled energy and



valour if there was signalled to him the speedy arrival and help of a brother-in-arms. The position of France differs from that of England in the great essential that while our territory is not invaded, a rich industrial part of France is in the hands of the enemy.

THE proposal that Parliament should adjourn for a six weeks' holiday appears to be a very ill advised one at the present moment. We say this, not because we hold any exaggerated opinions of the value of politicians, nor because the taking of so long a holiday sets but a poor example at a moment when every man should be working his hardest for his country and thinking little of his own pleasure. The incontrovertible objection to the proposal is that valuable time may be lost when it can least be spared. As no one can predict what the next six weeks may bring forth, so no one can assert with any certainty that Parliament will not be suddenly called upon to perform its legislative functions. Circumstances might well arise in which it would be vital to pass an Act of Parliament in the smallest possible time. The Crown has the right to summon Parliament by proclamation during an adjournment, but even were this right enforced time would inevitably be wasted, and to run the risk of any such waste of time is not justifiable. Individual members may very well need a rest, but the machinery should be ready on the instant and in the smoothest running order.

THE latest American Note must have satisfied all those in this country who try, reasonably and dispassionately, to look at the war from an American point of view. It is courteous, dignified and entirely determined. Everything else in the Note really leads up to the last sentence, which declares that the United States will regard any repetition by the Germans of their submarine crimes as being "deliberately unfriendly." The Note has most emphatically a sting in its tail. The onus is now on the Germans. What they may do or say we do not know, but there is nothing more to be said by America. The situation is rendered the more critically acute by the fact that since the Note was received in Germany the American steamer *Leelanaw* has been torpedoed. It is not for us in this country to dictate to Mr. Wilson. We may be sure that he will not be found wanting. America is a land of many races and very diverse sympathies, and had the President been more impetuous he might have provoked feuds that would have been long and bitter. Now that he has proved beyond doubt his patience as well as his resolution he has, and will keep, a united people at his back.

LONDONERS enjoyed in Regent's Park on Sunday last the opportunity of seeing some of their Volunteers, when the five battalions of the Central London Volunteer Regiment paraded together for the first time and were inspected by Brigadier-General Bridgeman. These five battalions were the United Arts Rifles, the Inns of Court Reserve, the Old Boys' Corps, the Architects and the London Volunteer Rifles. The Artists and the Architects were in grey, the Old Boys' Corps and the London Volunteer Rifles in khaki, the Inns of Court in a pleasant colour of their own, which has something of the appearance of crushed strawberries, and all, of course, wore the now familiar red "brassard." There were about 2,000 men of all ranks, including signallers, stretcher bearers, a motor squadron and a cyclist section, and it was the general impression that the regiment made a very creditable appearance. Many Volunteer regiments have by this time been drilling with fair regularity for the better part of the year, and for professed amateurs have attained a good standard. They have not and will not attain, nor is it necessary that they should, that professional smartness and polish that comes from doing nothing but drill. What they want now is useful work, "something real to do," as they would probably express it. Some of them are gradually getting it, and the more they get the better they will be pleased.

THAT gallant old yacht the *Sunbeam*, with her no less gallant owner, Lord Brassey, on board, sailed one day last week for the Dardanelles with the kindly purpose of conveying wounded and convalescent soldiers from the front to the base hospitals. She is far from the first of the pleasure craft to be employed in military service. Lord Dunraven in his yacht has been engaged in like manner, and quite at the beginning of the war Lord Tredegar equipped his yacht as a hospital ship and gave it, as well as his own services, for the Government's use. The *Sunbeam* herself made many trips

during the autumn and winter to France, carrying out parcels for the Red Cross hospitals, and bringing back wounded men and officers. There are many other yachts employed one way and another by the Admiralty, but none is of the age of the *Sunbeam*, which was first put into commission in 1874.

A VERY notable article appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday from the pen of the Archbishop of York. It embodied the reflections called forth by a visit to the Fleet—"the grey ships silent and ready in the grey light of the Northern Sea." Dr. Lang, in clear, eloquent and impressive language, describes the unostentatious but dominating part played by the Fleet in the great conflict. He quoted the tribute paid to it by Commander Botha, and showed that it might have been uttered by each and all of our military commanders in the wide flung Dominions of the King. The moral he drew should go home to the heart and conscience of all the workers and non-combatants of the Empire. "It will be well with our cause if the people here at home will do their part with something of that willingness to listen to the call of God, of that spirit of readiness, of self sacrifice, of patient cheerfulness, of comradeship and unity which I felt everywhere around me during my visit to the Grand Fleet." The only possible comment on this passage is to commend it to the solemn consideration of every reader, not as a mere passage of rhetoric but as a practical guide to conduct, a touchstone to apply to life and action. By work, by sacrifice, by economy alone can the resources of our Great Empire be so utilised as to make victory sure. As he pays his tribute of gratitude to our seamen, let each ask if he also is doing his share.

#### THE FLEETS.

Are you out with the Fleets through the long, dark night?

Admiral Drake?

Are you keeping watch, when with never a light  
They patrol the seas and wait for a fight?

In that far South Sea were you standing by,

Admiral Drake?

Did your masthead catch that wireless cry?  
Did you in sorrow watch them die?

Once more at the guns do your gunners strain,

Admiral Drake?

Do their voices ring o'er the decks again,  
"Have at them, boys!" in the old refrain?

When the shining death leaps through the wave,

Admiral Drake,

Are your boats all out in a rush to save?  
Do you stand to salute the death of the brave?

Are there others out on the heaving blue,

Admiral Drake?

Are Collingwood, Blake and Nelson too  
In their high-decked ships, along with you?

Oh, seamen of old, the shadowy gates  
Swing wide to let you through,  
And out o'er the seas your galleons sweep  
To fight for the flag anew.

M. G. MEUGENS.

THERE is always something pathetic in the death of a man just when the great work of his life draws near to accomplishment. Sir James Murray, though he lived to the ripe age of seventy-eight, has died before the "New English Dictionary" could be completed. But he lived not only to see it far advanced upon its way—the last word dealt with is "turn-coat"—but to know that its merits were universally acclaimed. How stupendous a piece of work it has been we may faintly discern from such curious little pieces of statistics as that all the slips of paper employed in making the dictionary would, if laid in order, reach from Land's End to John o' Groats. The fact that over a hundred thousand books were ransacked to produce five million quotations, gives us some notion of the patience, courage and learning required. Sir James Murray has raised for himself an imperishable monument. He has given his countrymen not only a unique book of reference, but a fascinating piece of literature. To look up one word in the dictionary and then straightway to shut the book without reading another word and yet another, requires a self-control given to but few readers.



## THE BURGHERS OF CALAIS.

**T**HIRTEEN - FORTY - SEVEN — fifteen-fifty-eight — nineteen-fifteen—these are the three great years of the fights for Calais. By an undesigned coincidence it has happened that 1915 sees a splendid and altogether happy commemoration of 1347. Last week a replica of Auguste Rodin's greatest monumental group, *The Burgbers of Calais*, given to the nation by the National Art Collections Fund and set up by the Government in the Victoria Tower Gardens, with the fretted walls of the Houses of Parliament as a background, was unveiled without ceremony. This is as it should be, at a time when Calais is once more the lure of great armies, but when happily the great antagonists of five hundred and sixty-eight years gone are marshalled together to guard the Key of the Channel from the common foe. But if public celebration is not now befitting, there is no reason why we should not recall the deathless story of the six burghers and express our pleasure that the great French sculptor's vivid presentment of it has found a home in London as well as in Calais. On

with their lives for singeing the lion's beard and the hangman was already fashioning his gallows. Sir Walter went back to the town and summoned Sir John of Vyen, who rang the bell in the market place to summon the citizens, and all the people wept piteously.

"At last the most rich burghess of all the town, called Eustace of Saint Peter's"—let Froissart continue the story—"rose up and said openly, 'Sirs, great and small, great mischief it should be to suffer to die such people as be in this town, either by famine or otherwise, when there is a means to save them: I think he or they should have great merit of our Lord God that might keep them from such mischief: as for my part, I have so good trust in our Lord God, that if I die in the quarrel to save the residue, that God would pardon me; wherefore to save them I will be the first to put my life in jeopardy. . . .'" Then another honest burghess rose and said, 'I will keep company with my gossip Eustace': he was called John Dayre. Then rose up Jaques of Wyssant . . . so did Peter of Wyssant, his brother: and then



THE BURGHERS OF CALAIS.

this day, July 31st, more than five and a half centuries ago, Philip of Valois, after vainly trying to raise the siege of Calais, challenged Edward III to leave his defensive lines and come out to battle. The English King sent him back word by the French marshals, "Say unto hym, if ye list, that I am here and so have been nigh a whole year, . . . he hath suffered me to abide here so long . . . wherefore I am not determined to follow his device and ease nor to depart from that which I am at the point to win."

The argument was unanswerable, and the French departed. Two days later Calais surrendered to Edward's pleasure. We return to Froissart to tell what followed in the King's own words: "Therefore, Sir Walter Manny, ye shall go and say to the Captain (of the town) that all the grace he shall find now in me is, that they let six of the chief burghesses of the town come out bare headed, bare footed, and bare legged, and in their shirts, with halters about their necks, with the keys of the town and castle in their hands and let them yield themselves purely to my will, and the residue will I take to mercy." Edward was furious with the burghers of Calais for their successful challenge of his sea power, and for much looting of English ships. The six burghesses were to pay

rose two other." When the six burghesses came into the King's presence, they pleaded for their lives, and so also did the English nobles, moved by their spirit of sacrifice. Edward was long obdurate, but then the Queen, "being great with child, kneeled down and sore weeping said, 'Sir, sith I passed the sea in great peril I have desired nothing of you: therefore now I humbly require you, in the honour of the Son of the Virgin Mary and for the love of me, that ye will take mercy of these six burghesses.' The king beheld the queen and stood still in a study a space and then said: ' . . . I cannot deny you: wherefore I give them to you to do your pleasure with them.' Then the queen caused them to be brought into her chamber and made the halters to be taken from their necks, and caused them to be new clothed . . . and set at their liberty."

This noble narrative had long exercised the imagination of French artists. About seventy years ago the folk of Calais commissioned David d'Angers, the sculptor of the pediment of the Pantheon at Paris, to celebrate it by a monument. He died and left it undone. Clésinger was the next to attempt it, but the Franco-Prussian War put an end to the project. In 1884 Rodin was invited to do



CALAIS COME TO WESTMINSTER.



one figure only—Eustace Saint Pierre—for the money collected would provide no more, and accepted the offer with enthusiasm. But he felt that the six burghers were inseparable and added the other five at his own expense. Five years later the group was first exhibited in plaster, and made an instant success.

"Never," writes Mr. Frederick Lawton, "had Rodin dared so much, and never had he produced so magnificent a result. There they were, the devoted six, not in a theatrical or other artificial group, but just as they might have been and acted when walking forth to their death. Physically they were separated by difference of age, station and circumstance; but morally they were united by the shadow of a common fate reflected in countenance, carriage and gait."

Greek as Rodin often is in his outlook and technical mastery, he is wholly Gothic in the fervent life and dramatic force with which the Calais group is instinct. Nothing could

exceed the pathos of the bowed figure of old Eustace Saint Pierre, the strength gone from him with the great act of renunciation. In sharp contrast is the unbroken mien of his neighbour, bearing the city's keys because he must, but erect, defiant and wearing the halter with as great pride as if it were the Collar of some noble Order.

To-day the emotion of this group has an especially vivid appeal. The spirit of Eustace Saint Pierre has seen a second spring in Burgomaster Max of Liège, and in the mayors of scores of little French and Belgian communes who have defied the invader and faced the German firing parties in their humble market places. For this reason the setting up of *The Burghers of Calais* under the walls of the Palace of Westminster is a new and lively symbol of the bond of courage and sympathy which bids us give of our bravest to win back the ravaged fields of France and Flanders from the enemy of Europe.

## THE JAY FAMILY.

BY THE LATE R. BOSWORTH-SMITH.

THE jay is one of the most—perhaps, quite the most—beautiful of our English birds. Less showy and less self-asserting than the cock pheasant and the goldfinch, less brilliant and less meteor-like than the kingfisher, he combines a look of keen and energetic intelligence and a sprightliness of bearing and of gesture, with a delicate and harmonious blending of some of the finer tints of brown and buff, and blue and black, to which they can hardly lay claim. He is one of the most shy of birds, essentially a woodlander—seldom seen outside of the cover except when he is flitting uneasily along a hedgerow that connects one copse with another closely adjoining. But mark the bird well on those rare occasions when you can get a near sight of him. Suppose, for instance, that you are told to be the "forward gun" of a shooting-party in a large wood, and that you are sent some two beats ahead of the beaters and that you are intent—surely one of the chief charms of such a day—on watching the bird life of the woodland on the move, rather than on adding to the number of the slain. The jays scuttle towards you, sometimes in pairs, sometimes a whole family together, the moment they catch the sound of the first tipper-tapping of the beater's sticks. On they come, flitting over your head, or on each side of you, in hurried or irregular flight, and with loud, discordant screams, which raise the alarm among all the more somnolent or timid inhabitants of the cover. Hide yourself as best you may, stand stock still and one and another of these bright-winged creatures, their attention directed to the advancing line of beaters behind them, rather than to any danger that may be in front, will pitch and remain perched on a tree right in front of you and, perhaps, only a few yards distant. Note well the quick, eager, fretful movements of the body as the bird turns from side to side; note his crest of soft, white feathers, each of them with one black spot upon it, rising and falling almost with the rapidity and grace of the hoopoe. You may catch a glance of his light blue eye, and your own eyes can hardly fail to rest entranced with the beauty of the cinnamon plumage of his body and the exquisite bars of black, white and deep blue which form his wing coverts. He flits onward, uninjured, and you will feel thankful that there is one at least of the shooting-party who is not willing to destroy, from the mere lust of letting off his gun, a paragon of such breathing grace and beauty. Well will it be if at the end of the day when the game is laid out to view the row does not contain more than one or two of these exquisite creatures, lying stiff and stark, killed in the mere wantonness of killing.

During nine-months of the year the jay feeds almost exclusively on acorns—whence his name "glandarius"—on nuts and berries, on grubs and insects. But he has many enemies. The angler covets his bright blue feathers as one of his most tempting baits; the gardener knows that his passion for peas and cherries will sometimes tempt him in the very early summer's morning to leave the shelter of the woodland and "make boot" upon his vegetables and fruit, while the gamekeeper, knowing his fondness for eggs, and his skill in finding them, is eager to add so brilliant a trophy to his ghastly gibbet.

That, in spite of all these enemies, the bird still exists in such numbers and is so widely spread through all the more wooded parts of the country is due, I think, to two

causes—partly to occasional waves of immigration coming westward from the Continent, partly to the good care he takes of himself at the most critical time of the year. In recent years thousands of jays have been seen passing, on occasion, over Heligoland, that great observatory of migratory birds. "A perfect storm of jays," writes Gätke in 1882—the observer who has made Heligoland and its birds his own—"has passed over and on both sides of the island during the last three days. No one here has ever seen the like before." A large contingent of these emigrants find their way to our Eastern Counties, and disperse thence over the country. But still more are their numbers due to the retiring disposition and the extreme cautiousness of the bird. Its nest, unlike the magpie's, its nearest relation, is inconspicuous and small—not much larger than that of the wood-pigeon, only with a deep depression in the middle, lined with dry grass and rootlets. It is well concealed in the hazels, towards the top of a thick thorn bush, or in the creepers round an oak tree. It is rarely placed—though on one occasion I have found it so—right at the top of a fir tree. The parent birds, again, unlike the magpie, are careful not to be seen near their nest going to or from it. Approach the nest as carefully as you will, the bird will almost invariably slip off before you see her. More than this, the bird, which at other times of the year betrays its presence in a wood by its loud scream, drops that scream entirely during the breeding season. Its place is taken by a low, love-sick serenade, intended for the ear of the beloved object alone, and, happily, inaudible, unrecognised or unrecognisable by the dull ear of his enemy, the gamekeeper. The young birds, the moment that they feel their wings and are able to follow their parents freely about the wood, make noise enough, and those taken however early from the nest to be brought up as pets, scream incessantly in their unconscionable greediness for food, but, whether from instinct or from the precept and example of the parents, they are absolutely still and silent while they remain in the nest. I have known a jay to build her nest and rear her young safely at a very short distance from the keeper's hut, where he was keeping constant watch and ward over his young pheasants.

The old birds remain with their young family for several months together, and only very occasionally, from some unknown cause, do they congregate in numbers. I have watched a large flock of them in a wood in the Blackmore Vale, near to Sherborne Park. The eggs of the jay are from five to seven in number, and are not much bigger than those of a blackbird. The ground colour seems to be a yellowish white, but it is mottled over so entirely with spots of light brown that it is difficult to say when you look at it which is the primary and which is the secondary colour.

Finally, the jay, in spite of its retiring character, is a good mimic. Even in its wild state it has been heard by competent observers practising, as the starling will do, and with marked success, some of the wild woodland sounds it hears around it, such as the bleating of a lamb, the scream of a hawk, the hooting of an owl; while, as a domesticated pet, it makes the most of its opportunities, and, besides the few words that it manages to pick up, has been known to reproduce many of the sounds of the farmyard or of the stable-yard, the clucking of a hen, the neighing of a colt, and the grating of a saw.



# WHAT THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.—III.

LANCASHIRE—(Continued).

WHAT Lancashire has done in the way of raising regiments can best be appreciated from the following table. Instead of each regiment having two regular battalions, with a reserve battalion and one, two or three Territorial battalions, the various regiments of the Duchy have reached by the end of May approximately:—

Batt.		Batt.
Loyal North Lancashire Regiment .. ..	Manchester Regiment .. ..	24
East Lancashire Regiment .. ..	Liverpool Regiment .. ..	20
South Lancashire Regiment .. ..	Lancashire Hussars	
Lancashire Fusiliers .. ..	Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry	
King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment .. ..	Royal Field Artillery	
York and Lancaster Regiment 14	4 East Lancashire Brigades.	
	4 West .. ..	



MAJOR BISHOP.  
Who led the storming party at Tekke Burnu.



LIEUT. L. B. L. SECKHAM.  
Who won the Military Cross by leading an attack after being wounded.

In addition to the above, Lancashire has provided its full quota of Royal Garrison Artillery, Royal Engineers, and all other branches of the Service. But the favourite arm of "Lancashire lads" is the infantry, as is natural, owing to the industrial character of the greater portion of the shire, and the enormous expansion of the popular regiments, led by the Manchesters, Liverpools and Lancashire Fusiliers, speaks for itself.

The 1st Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers was in the marvellous 29th Division—the only Regular Division under Sir Ian Hamilton's command in the Dardanelles—and to it was assigned the duty of effecting a landing on the narrow strip of sand beach near Tekke Burnu, and forcing their way to the ridge of cliff overlooking the sea—a landing-place which had been turned into a death-trap, with barbed wire

network in the shallows and on the shore, and machine-guns hidden in holes in the cliffs, while inland the crest of the hill overlooking the beach was commanded by high ground to the north-west and south-east. Everywhere above the Turks had made trenches protected by barbed wire, and their snipers hidden in the rocks covered every yard of the foreshore. Those who wish to learn what the men of Lancashire can do, may read Sir Ian Hamilton's eloquent pages, which picture the great men-of-war moving in by moonlight over the still waters towards the promontory, the lines of cutters towed in the early morning to the silent shore, the fire that leapt from the deadly tongue of rock as the men waded to the beach and fell on the sands and shallows in swathes like mown grass; others scrambling on up the cliffs, impregnable to any but the magnificent troops that have found a lodging on them. This position was stormed by the Lancashire Fusiliers, led by Major Bishop, in the early morning of April 25th, from open boats.

Three companies headed for the beach, and a company on the left of the line made for a small ledge of rock immediately under the cliff at Tekke Burnu.

Brigadier-General Hare, commanding the 88th Brigade, accompanied this latter party, which escaped the cross fire brought to bear upon the beach, and was also in a better position than the rest of the battalion to turn the wire entanglements.

While the troops were approaching the shore no shot had been fired from the enemy's trenches, but as soon as the first boat touched the ground a hurricane of lead swept over the battalion. Gallantly led by their officers, the Fusiliers literally hurled themselves ashore and, fired at from right, left, and centre, commenced hacking their way through the wire. A long line of men was at once mown down as by a scythe, but the remainder were not to be denied. Covered by the



EARL SEFTON.  
A Major in the Lancashire Hussars.



MAJOR A. J. CARTER, D.S.O.  
The gallant deeds of the late Major Carter and of three of the V.C.'s on the opposite page were described in last week's issue.

fire of the warships, which had now closed right in to the shore, and helped by the flanking fire of the company on the extreme left, they broke through the entanglements and collected under the cliffs on either side of the beach. Here the companies were rapidly re-formed, and set forth to storm the enemy's entrenchments wherever they could find them.

By 10 a.m. three lines of hostile trenches were in our hands, and our hold was assured.

That is a deathless story, magnificently told, of one marvellous episode of the first three days' fighting ashore. Lieutenant Seckham won the Military Cross for leading and continuing the attack when he was wounded and all but ten of his men killed and wounded; and Captain Haworth won the D.S.O. for leading fifty men to the wire entanglements of a strongly held redoubt and continuing to command with a bullet through his back. And many are the tales of individual courage of officers and men, and many a man who deserves the Victoria Cross now lies under the soil of the hardly won tongue of the peninsula. Perhaps the greatest glory of the achievement of the division lies in the fact that those who went through the fiery ordeal of April 25th maintained their hold without receiving reinforcements for some days. After-

of some of these battalions have been heavy. The 8th Manchesters, for example, lost within the space of a few days their colonel, three captains and seven junior officers killed and a major, three captains and seven officers wounded; the 6th Manchesters lost ten officers killed and nine wounded, and the 8th Lancashire Fusiliers lost their colonel and four officers killed and eleven wounded. Figures like these show the intensity of the fighting. The Red Rose of Lancashire will henceforth glow with a deeper crimson from the blood of her best and bravest.

The 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers behaved gallantly in the closing week of last August, when in Brigadier-General Wilson's brigade (the 12th) they came up with the 4th Division of the 3rd Corps to Le Cateau. Their most critical actions were, however, in the autumn and spring in Flanders; at first on October 20th, when a German attack drove in the advanced posts of the brigade and occupied Le Gheir, but were driven out again with great loss by a counter-attack, in which the staunchness of the Lancashire Fusiliers and the King's Own Regiment, handled by Lieutenant-Colonel Butler of the Lancashire Fusiliers, who has been decorated



Bull.

SERGEANT HOGAN, V.C.

Copyright.



Lafayette.

Copyright.

2ND LIEUTENANT JAMES LEACH, V.C.



PRIVATE JOHN LYNN, V.C.



M. Dixon.

Copyright.

DRUMMER S. J. BENT, V.C.

wards, as an eye-witness wrote, "everywhere there is a scene of destruction and desolation," and trenches knocked shapeless by shell, and scattered kits, broken rifles and tangled wire, bear witness to the severity of the struggle on that historic Sunday, a struggle that would have tested the mettle of the finest troops in the world. "It was," in Sir Ian Hamilton's words, "to the complete lack of the senses of danger or of fear of this daring battalion" that the astonishing success at "Lancashire Landing" was due, and that the name of Lancashire is indelibly written upon the sands and ridges of Gallipoli. Nor is it only the Lancashire Fusiliers, the famous 20th, the men who fought at Minden and Corunna and with Wellington in Spain, and whose motto is "Omnia audax," which have won glory at the Dardanelles. There is a whole Lancashire division under arms on the Gallipoli Peninsula, and the casualty lists have revealed the presence of the following battalions of the Territorial Force: The 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th Battalions of the Lancashire Fusiliers, the 4th and 5th of the East Lancshires, and the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th Battalions of the Manchesters. The losses

with the Croix d'officier of the Legion of Honour, was highly praised by Sir John French.

The regiment has added to their laurels in the spring resistance at Ypres. Here, on the night of May 2nd Private Lynn saw a greenish cloud of vaporous poison gas, drifting towards the trenches held by his regiment from the German lines. He jumped on the parapet and turned the machine gun he was in charge of against the Germans. The gas swept over Lynn and the Fusiliers in a dense cloud, but, half blinded and coughing, he still worked his gun as he crouched on the top of the parapet. The advance was broken, and when a later attempt was made, Lynn still waited for them and the attack broke down. Then he was dragged away from his gun. He was removed on an ambulance, and died the same day. His superb gallantry had "a fine effect upon his comrades in very trying circumstances."

With the exception of the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, which have gained such immortal renown within sight of the windy plains of Troy, almost all the Regular battalions of the



various Lancashire regiments have played, and are still playing, the hard fought and unceasing campaign in Flanders.

The second battalion of the South Lancashire Regiment was in the 7th Brigade in the Third Division under General Hubert Hamilton, who had his headquarters at Mons. On August 23rd, the regiment dug themselves in at the village of Flammery, about three miles from Mons, watched by Belgian women and children. Near their trenches were huge mounds of shale and waste from the coal-fields, from the cover of which the Germans poured in force at daybreak on the following day. That day fighting was desperate all along the line; and two brave men of the South Lancashires, Lieutenant Fulcher and Sergeant Harrison, to break the onrush, worked a machine-gun outside the trenches. Lieutenant Fulcher fell, and Harrison, though hit, refused to leave his gun, but fought it until he fell exhausted. At the end of the day Lieutenant-Colonel Wanliss could gather only two hundred, for the rest of the battalion was scattered in small parties or fallen, and the machine-gun section had lost all but four of its men.

At Solesmes they were shelled at close range, and seven officers were killed or wounded in an hour and a half. Colonel Wanliss, with a handful of survivors, held his trenches, however, until he was able to retire when night fell. At Le Cateau only four platoons could be gathered, and these took no part in the fiercely contested battle of Cambrai until the Second Corps began to fall back on the afternoon of August 26th. When they formed up they numbered but one hundred and twenty-five men. Strengthened by new drafts, the battalion saw fighting on the rivers, and on the Aisne on September 21st or 22nd charged three times in one day against heavy rifle and machine-gun fire, a brief action where the losses were very heavy. But a still heavier trial was in store for them. When the South Lancashires were transferred to Flanders, and came in touch with the enemy at La Couture, when Major-General Hubert Hamilton, commanding the division, lost his life. The main Bavarian attack at La Bassée lasted from October 22nd to the first days of November, but the South Lancashires lost on the first day no fewer than

eleven officers and six hundred men, killed, wounded and missing.

Many of the Territorial battalions are lying near their Regular battalions in France and Flanders, from which, indeed, they are indistinguishable in both courage and endurance, and the 4th and 5th South Lancashires, the 4th and 5th Royal Lancasters, the 5th Loyal North Lancashires, the 4th York and Lancaster Battalion and the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th Liverpools, are all there.

In Lancashire new and old things are strangely blended; and the old tie between the county and its families is apparent even to-day through the smoke of its network of cities. The ancient family of Molyneux have held Croxteth since the reign of the first Henry, and on the day when Sir Edward Stanley broke the Scottish right at Flodden, Sir William Molyneux, of Sefton, took, with his own hand, two of the enemy's standards, as we see on his floor-slab in the chancel at Sefton; to-day Lord Sefton is a major in the Lancashire Hussars. Lord Crawford and Balcarres, whose ancestors fell in the crusade of St. Louis, at Flodden, and fought at Marston Moor and Philiphaugh, judged that he could best serve his country by enlisting as a private in the Royal Army Medical Corps. Lord Ellesmere, the head of the Egerton family, is in command of the 3rd Royal Scots. The Lord Lathom is a lieutenant in the Lancashire Hussars; Lord Gerard, whose family have been connected with Ashton since the fourteenth century, is a captain in the Royal Horse Guards; Lord Shuttleworth's second son is a lieutenant in the 7th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade. Lord Richard Cavendish, of Holker, is in command of the 4th Battalion of the Royal Lancaster Regiment, and Mr. J. W. Fitzherbert-Brockholes and the Hon. F. W. Egerton have commissions in the Duke of Lancaster's Own. Mr. R. Weld Blundell, of Ince-Blundell Hall, holds a commission in the Coldstream Guards, while his brother enlisted in the King's Liverpool Regiment. Mr. George Brady Bigland, of the ancient family of Bigland Hull in North Lonsdale, who joined the 4th Battalion of the Royal Lancaster's soon after the outbreak of war, has been wounded while leading his men in an attack and is missing.

M. J.

(To be continued.)

## THE SOLDIER'S BEST FRIEND.

**Rifles and Ammunition and Rifle Shooting**, by H. Ommundsen and E. H. Robinson. (Cassell.)

**I**N one corps at least of the British Army the recruit is taught from the very first day of his training that *the soldier's best friend is his rifle*. And to-day, when such a large proportion of the able-bodied men of the Empire have come forward to aid in creating an army so vast that the arming and training of it would have been scouted as impossible just one year ago, the rifle has gained an importance and significance never recognised before. For, as we knew during the weary months of winter training and waiting, upon our ability to produce rifles depended our power to create effective armies. The enthusiastic rifle shots who peopled the far too few open ranges of the country or thronged to the small-bore clubs in those far away days are now justifying their faith, for the most part, in the trenches of Flanders or Gallipoli; so this portly volume will not reach them until they return to leisured days, their warfare accomplished; then they will read it with pleasure and delight, for after many years of careful study of the rifle and its literature the writer can say unhesitatingly that no book has been produced which covers the vast field of modern rifles and of the development of the rifle in sport and war with the same thoroughness.

Other excellent books there are. Those by Colonel Fremantle and by Mr. Humphry will come at once to the mind of even the most casual sportsman who loves his weapon and cares for its history and development, for both writers are in the very first rank as shots and as students of their subject; but still there was ample room on the keen rifleman and soldier's shelf for this new book, since times change and rifles with them. And it is a book which should be made accessible to the vast numbers of men who are still under training, for the more a man knows about his rifle the more will he realise what a triumph of human inventive skill and patient experiment it is, and the better will he comprehend its possibilities.

When a great master writes of the subject he loves, the strength of his faith is bound to kindle enthusiasm in his readers if he has even a moderate power of expression, and the volume before us is unusually well written for a specialist's book. Lieutenant

Ommundsen's name has become a household word; he is the foremost marksman in the world, and with his practical mastery of the rifle he combines a theoretical knowledge which is the result of years of study. Therefore all that he has to say in his fascinating chapters on the history and development of the weapon is of exceptional interest, both from the point of view of the military and the sporting shot.

Although the book was finished with Ommundsen on active service and much of the proof was read and corrected by him while in the trenches, it shows no sign of hasty or scamped workmanship. We learn from the preface that a large part of the work was done under great difficulties, the authors had the inestimable advantage of help from men like Lieutenant-Colonel Crosse (Secretary to the N.R.A. and Staff Officer to the great Bisley School of Musketry, where the instructors to our new armies have received their education), Captain J. H. Hardcastle (one of the foremost authorities on the ballistics of the rifle), Mr. Max Baker (Editor of "Arms and Explosives"); Mr. F. W. Jones and Mr. H. W. R. Tarrant (of the Birmingham Small Arms Company), who are among the very foremost authorities upon the difficult chemistry of nitropowders. Thanks to the painstaking thoroughness of the authors, aided by these gentlemen, a vast amount of information was brought together which was not readily available to the general public.

It is an excellent thing that the book should have been written at this time. It marks the end of the old order and the beginning of the new in rifle shooting. A year ago a hot controversy raged between the Bullseye Shot and the Military Instructor. The turmoil and rush of the past few months have shown that both were right and both were necessary, and this will lead to a strength of mutual understanding which will continue after the war, and will help to give rifle shooting the place it should hold, that of the foremost national sport. Marksmanship meant victory in the days of Crecy and Poitiers—times and weapons change. But that on the village range will be won the victories of to-morrow is no less true than that on the village green were won the glorious battles of our past.

W. H. L.



## REWARDS FOR THE BRAVE.

**D**URING the last hundred years and more the fighting story of Great Britain has been told in the long series of campaign medals which have marked the national pride in the exploits of our soldiers and sailors. Mr. W.

Augustus Steward, in his valuable monograph ("War Medals and Their History," published by Stanley Paul and Co.), emphasises the slowness with which the commemorative medal, struck to celebrate some famous victory, and given only to a handful of commanders, developed into a campaign medal awarded to all who took part in the fighting. The mediæval warrior, knighted on the stricken field, bore thereafter a square instead of a swallow-tailed pennon as a knight's banneret; but the earliest example of distinction taking a medallion form in England dates back no further than Elizabeth's reign. Fittingly enough, it was a naval fight, the Defeat of the Armada, which opened the history of war decorations, but it is by no means clear whether the noble medal now illustrated (by courteous permission of Mr. Steward's publishers) was awarded to distinguished commanders or worn by them *proprio motu* as a mark of respect to the Queen. The medals struck by Charles I during the Civil War have a more defined history. They were, as an Order of the Court held at Oxford on May 18th, 1643, testifies, "to be delivered to wear on the breast of every man who shall be certified under the

hands of their commander-in-chief to have done us faithful service in the forlorn hope." This, be it noted, established the distinction between the two main classes of war medals, those for distinguished

democratic organisation of the Ironsides, for it was given to officers and men who "did this excellent service" at Dunbar. The restoration of the monarchy cut the common soldiery out of these distinctions for more than a century, and universal



ELIZABETH'S NAVAL MEDAL FOR THE ARMADA VICTORY.

issue to officers and men was not resumed until after the Battle of Waterloo.

The standing army was the creation of Charles II, but no military medal was struck during his reign, though no campaign in our history deserved one more than the Expedition to Tangier in 1680. The Navy did better, as the big silver medal now illustrated testifies, but that was given only to a few favoured commanders. The medal struck after Oudenarde was commemorative of the victory, and not for award to the victors. After Culloden an oval medal,



THE DUNBAR MEDAL, 1650.

tinguished service and those which mark participation in a particular campaign. Charles I had in his mind the rewarding of conspicuous bravery; he was, in fact, anticipating the Victoria Cross, rather than commemorating an engagement. The first recorded instance of a gallant action so rewarded was Robert Welch's recovery of a Royal Standard at Edge Hill on October 23rd, 1642, but the oval gold medal, engraved by Thomas Rawlins, the King's graver, was not ordered until June 1st, 1643, i.e. after the Order of the Court in May. By an odd twist of fate the first campaign medal was instituted by the King's great antagonist Cromwell in "commemoration of that great Mercie of Dunbar" when the Scots Royalists were defeated on September 3rd, 1650. This was the work of the great Commonwealth medallist Thomas Simon, who engraved some wonderful medals of Fairfax. Its award marks the



COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL, BATTLE OF OUDENARDE, 1708.

with the head of "The Butcher," was struck and provided with a suspender and a red ribbon with green edges, but there is no evidence that it was officially granted even to officers. Mr. Steward is not clear in his text as to whether the medal for the Capture of Louisburg in 1758 was struck

for distinguished conduct or merely by way of historic commemoration. The Honourable East India Company must be credited with regularising the system of giving campaign medals. After the Deccan and Mysore campaigns against Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sahib, the Company issued medals to its own troops, but the regiments lent by the Home Government did not share in the award. The Company was lavish to its own people and none went unrewarded. From the Governor General, who received the medal in gold, down to the native commissioned officers and



CHARLES THE SECOND: SILVER NAVAL MEDAL.

the European N.C.O.s (bronze) and the native guides and general-utility men (tin), all had an honourable memento of the campaigns. The first official British war medal of the great French wars was awarded to seventeen superior officers for the victory at Maida in 1806.

The Peninsular War was not commemorated by a specific medal, owing to the strong opposition of the Duke of Wellington, but by the issue, not until Queen Victoria's reign, of the Military General Service Medal with bars for the various actions, *i.e.*, Vittoria, Salamanca. Bars were also given for other campaigns, such as Martinique. The Peninsular officers were treated in less tardy fashion, for in 1810 gold medals with bars were ordered for those who had actually been in command during the engagements of Roleria, Vimiera, Corunna and Talavera. To those who had earned more than three marks of distinction the gold Peninsular Cross with bars was awarded.

The first universal campaign award (since the Dunbar Medal) was the Waterloo Medal, ordered on March 10th,



PISTRUCCI'S WATERLOO MEDAL.

Pistrucchi accordingly invented the great design now illustrated. The medal was so large, 5½ in. in diameter, that when the dies were finished (not until 1849) they were so massive that they could not be used. Mr. Steward's illustration, now reproduced, was taken from electrotypes made from the matrices. We cannot follow the author in his long description of the campaign medals of the nineteenth century, but show the Roberts Star for the march to Kandahar, as an example of the use of a star instead of a round medal, and the South African (1899-1902) Medal as an attractive modern "reverse" (by G. W. De Saulles).

We now turn to the other general type of decoration—*i.e.*, for distinguished service. Passing over the early honours such as Charles I's medal already mentioned, we come to modern days to find that the first decoration in this category was the Meritorious Service Medal instituted by Queen Victoria on December 19th, 1845, for award to sergeants in the Army or Marines. The next in date was the D.C.M., instituted December 4th, 1854, for "distinguished service and gallant conduct in the field of the army then serving in the Crimea." The Conspicuous Gallantry Medal, first issued in 1855, was for sailors and marines (N.C.O.s and men) and has the same obverse as the Meritorious Service Medal



Reverse.

Obverse.

WATERLOO MEDAL.

Silver. Ribbon: Dark crimson with blue edge.

1816, to be issued to every soldier, from Commander-in-Chief to drummer-boy, who had served in the campaign which finally crushed Napoleon. The name of the recipient and his regiment were indented on the edge of the medal. Curiously enough, it was strictly forbidden to wear the ribbon without the medal.

Reference must also be made to the grand Waterloo Medal, ordered by the Prince Regent in 1819 as the final commemoration of the great battle. A competition was suggested, but the Royal Academy unanimously suggested that Flaxman should be entrusted with the work. He produced his design, but Pistrucchi, who had succeeded Wyon as chief engraver at the Royal Mint, found it beneath his dignity to execute another man's design, and the Prince gave in.



ROBERTS STAR FOR MARCH TO KANDAHAR, 1880.

Bronze. Ribbon: Rainbow pattern, unwatered.



SOUTH AFRICA, 1899-1902.

Reverse of both Victoria's and Edward VII's medals. Ribbons: Queen's—Orange with dark blue and red at sides. King's—Equal stripes of green, white and orange.



and the same reverse, except that the words are "For Conspicuous Gallantry."

The supreme reward of the services, the Victoria Cross, was instituted by Queen Victoria, at the Prince Consort's suggestion, on June 29th, 1856, for officers of the lower grades and men in both services. It was not until 1881 that the warrant was revised so that this most coveted of all distinctions could be awarded to officers of the higher ranks. The essence of the Victoria Cross is that it rewards those "who have served us in the presence of the enemy, and shall have performed some signal act of valour or devotion to their Country." In 1902, King Edward authorised its posthumous award. It carries an annual pension of £10, which may be increased in necessitous cases to £50. The crosses are of bronze, made from a captured cannon, and are not *Maltese* but *patée*. The words "For Valour" appear below the lion.

The Distinguished Service Order (D.S.O.) was founded in 1866 for commissioned officers of all fighting services, and the Conspicuous Service Cross in 1901 for warrant and other non-commissioned officers of the Navy "for distinguished service before the enemy."

The present war has brought about the creation of three new decorations. The Distinguished Service Cross (D.S.C.) is in effect the same as the Conspicuous Service Cross (of 1901), but extended in its grant to naval officers below the rank of Lieutenant-Commander and awarded for services of less importance than justify the D.S.O. It was instituted last October, on the same day as the Naval Distinguished Service Medal, which is for C.P.O.s, P.O.s and men in the Navy and N.C.O.s and men in the Marines. It is in effect a junior decoration to the Conspicuous



Obverse.  
**MERITORIOUS SERVICE MEDAL, 1845.**  
For Sergeants. Ribbons: Army, red; Marines, blue.



Obverse.  
**DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL, 1854.**  
For N.C.O.s and Privates in the Army. Ribbon: Red with broad blue stripe.



Reverse.



**VICTORIA CROSS, 1856.**  
Bronze. For all ranks. Ribbon: Army, dark red; Navy, dark blue.



**DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER, 1866.**  
For Officers in all services. Gold and enamel. Ribbon, red.



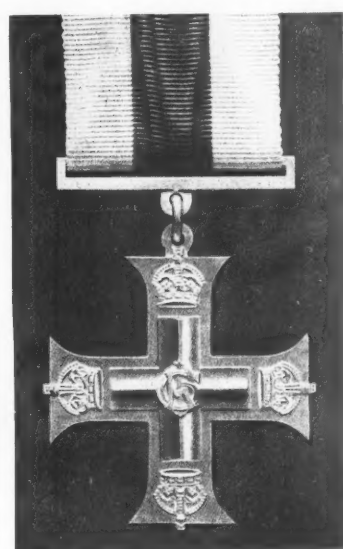
**CONSPICUOUS SERVICE CROSS, 1901.**  
For Naval Non-commissioned Officers. Silver. Ribbon: Blue with white stripe.



**DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS, 1914.**  
Extended to Naval Officers below rank of Lieut.-Commander. Silver. Ribbon: Blue with white stripe.



**NAVAL DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL, 1914.**  
Navy and Marines below commissioned rank. Ribbon: Blue with two white stripes.



**THE MILITARY CROSS, 1914.**  
For Army Captains, Lieutenants and Warrant Officers. Silver. Ribbon: White with purple stripe.



KING GEORGE'S TERRITORIAL  
EFFICIENCY MEDAL.CROIX,  
LEGION D'HONNEUR.

Gallantry Medal of 1855 and is of the same design. The Military Cross is "for distinguished service in time of war" and limited in award to captains, commissioned officers of lower grade, or warrant officers. It is to be worn immediately after all orders and before all decorations and medals, the Victoria Cross alone excepted. In the first list of its recipients was the name of Lieutenant Dimmer, V.C.

SERBIAN MEDAL FOR  
COURAGE.

for illustration the Serbian Medal for Courage, a vigorous piece of design; the French Cross of the Legion of

Service in times of peace brings no chance of winning such noble distinctions as these, but it is often as laborious and lacks the spur of excitement and glory. The various long service and efficiency medals therefore represent sound work and are justly prized by their recipients, *e.g.*, the Territorial Efficiency Medal, which like others of its class is oval instead of round.

Mr. Steward has devoted a chapter to various foreign war decorations, and we single out

Honour; and last and greatest of all, the French Médaille Militaire, which has been awarded not only to Field Marshal Sir John French, but also to non-commissioned officers and men of the British Army who have done especially well in associated service with our brilliant and loyal Allies. Mr. Steward has also had an eye to the collector, and has set down a list of prices which old medals have fetched in the auction room, but this is an aspect of these medallic rewards of the brave which we care little to contemplate at this time. Our eyes are now strained to the time when the deathless heroism of our Armies and of those of our Allies shall have achieved the great end of European Liberty. When that is done it will be time to think of setting our greatest medallic artists to conceive decorations worthy of the men who have deserved the supreme gratitude of the Empire.

## OTTER HUNTING: HOUNDS AND TERRIERS.

"WHAT untidy looking hounds!" was the exclamation of a lady who saw a pack of rough-coated otter hounds for the first time.

In spite of the predilection of West Countrymen for the fox hound as an otter hunter, I confess to a great weakness for the rough coated hound, and I think in rapid streams he is the best as he is certainly the more picturesque. One reason why West Country otter hunters prefer the fox hound is that they have available the Devon and Somerset drafts. For a stag hound is half trained for otter hunting already, so used are they to working the streams of Exmoor. Some of the best otter hounds for work I have ever seen were hounds drafted from the Devon and Somerset because they were becoming slow. Some people like a cross between fox and otter hounds, but I confess to a preference for pure breeds. You sometimes get a good mongrel, but they as often have the faults of both parents as their virtues. Whatever hounds we take to the water side for the chase of the otter, the accompanying terriers are hardly less important, but if I have a preference for the pure bred hound, rough or smooth, there is no doubt that all the best terriers running with otter hounds are cross bred. I hesitate to call them mongrels, because the otter hound terrier running with otter hounds is as often as not a member of a family of terriers bred locally for the work and trained at the kennels.

Of course, in a sense, all terriers are mongrels. It would not be far short of the truth to say that in the beginning the terrier was rather a canine character than a breed, and to this day, except for show purposes, a terrier's pedigree is of small moment compared with its disposition and terrier character. What is important for the terrier wanted to run with otter hounds is that it shall have been bred from parents of true terrier character, and shall not be too big for its work. I have heard of a tiny terrier, no more than eight pounds in weight, that was most efficient with otter hounds, and the best I have known personally were two very small white terriers of no particular breed, but of very notable individuality and character.

The fact is the complete otter terrier is hard to find. It must not be too big. It should be white, or very light in colour, for there is a danger that when otter and terrier come out of a holt together, hounds will mistake the terrier for the otter and kill it. Even white terriers are not free from this danger. I can recollect a wonderful little white bitch, one of the best I ever saw, falling a victim to the pack when disguised by mud.

The terrier for otter hunting requires to be harder mouthed than one used for bolting foxes. We want the fox terrier to



FRENCH MÉDAILLE MILITAIRE.

lie at its fox and bark at it. Most foxes will bolt from a yapping terrier, and we do not want a terrier to use its teeth on the fox. But with the otter it is a different matter; an otter will not always shift because a terrier yaps at it. It requires more forcible arguments, and the otter terrier must be ready to use its teeth. The otter is powerful and fierce, so that the terrier needs to be, not only courageous, but to have an element of savagery in its character which in the terrier used with fox hounds would be out of place. There is one thing the otter terrier needs above everything, and that is a thorough and careful training. There is nothing more foolish and cruel than to expect a terrier to go to

ground to an otter simply because it is a terrier. The terrier needs training and, if I may so put it, some experience of its work before it is efficient. It is, moreover, probably far better to lead the terriers during a hunt until they are wanted than to let them hunt and swim with the hounds. The terrier is often worn out by trying to do what the hounds do better, and their little lives are shortened and their usefulness lessened by the hours spent in the water. To a lover of terriers the work, disposition, and character of the terrier running with otter hounds are most interesting; but it is especial work, and needs dogs of peculiar qualities and training. X.

## KITES AND AVIATION.



H. F. Winters.

HEAD FIRST THROUGH A SCORE OF RIVALS.

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THE kite is one of our rarest English birds; but in Indian garrisons the Pariah Kite (*Milous govinda*) is the bird most in evidence. He draws his rations as regularly as the soldier, and waits for his share of scraps of meat outside the messing bungalow, or circles over a company that is dining in the open, ready to swoop down and snatch butter off the plate of the unwary, or remove any piece left over from the meal.

Although they do not disdain the office of general scavenger, kites are really magnificent birds. They compare very favourably with the eagle as regards colour, size, and appearance, and their fearless swoop after food surpasses even that of the peregrine. A kite seldom dives from a greater height than thirty or forty feet; but it requires considerable courage and agility to dash head first through a score of rivals racing for the same piece of meat from as many different directions. A collision at that speed would mean a severe shaking if not a broken wing. They avoid each other as if by a succession of miracles, though I have seen two touch and roll in the dust. Their aim is unerring, so is their power of distinguishing meat or butter, which they love, from vegetables and bread, in which no interest is taken.

Their "star turn" is the removal of a pat of butter from a plate carried by a man expecting an aerial attack. I have taken an unwilling part in the little comedy more than once. It can only be described as magic. The moment chosen is one when your attention is for an instant diverted, the plate receives a sharp rap, and your feelings resemble those of a man who has come safely through an earthquake. The bird goes off with the pat of butter, tasting it as he flies.

Kites usually feed in mid air while gliding; the claw is brought forward, and the head goes down to meet it, small shreds being torn off the food.

The scene during meals recalls the feeding of gulls in London. Most of the meat thrown out of the windows is caught before it reaches the ground. Kites never use their beaks for catching as gulls do, but always seize with the feet in the manner of all hawks. I am told that meat placed on a blanket is a sure way of catching kites by entangling the claws if they attempt to take it—but they never do: the trick has probably lost its novelty for them. The only way in which I have succeeded in paying off old scores is by tying two bones on a string a foot apart, so that when one is taken the other flies out behind, and is pounced upon by the other birds. Then a tremendous chase ensues, the



STRIKING WITH UNERRING AIM.

possessor of the prize, for the time being, becomes the unwilling recipient of attention from every kite within miles, until he drops it.

The nests are large platforms of sticks placed in any convenient trees near the barracks. Other material such as silver paper, rags and bones are also considered with favour. There is one here to-day with a whole flannel shirt built in with the sticks. In all the nests I have examined, the eggs number two. They are rather larger than a hen's egg;

some are white, others have blotches of brown, the same bird laying both varieties.

A shrill, tremulous scream is its only form of utterance, which, with slight alteration, does duty for the expression of anger, pleasure and all other emotions. Strange as it seems, they feel the heat, and it is no unusual sight to see them panting on the roof during the heat of the day with beak wide open, and wings expanded like an eagle on a lectern.



H. F. Winters.

A STOOP SURPASSING EVEN THAT OF THE PEREGRINE.

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The science of aviation has in the past gained many useful lessons from the flight of the kite (or cheel, the Hindustani name for it). Dr. Hankin's work on the subject is already a classic. Their large and comparatively slow moving wings lend themselves to observation. It is thought that some unknown energy is to be found only in sunny air, and is made use of by kites and vultures when soaring. My own notes all go to confirm this. By soaring I mean rising by a succession of wide circles without any motion of the wings till the bird becomes a mere speck in the cloudless sky, even when there is not a breath of wind to help the motion. When any soaring birds are seen on cloudy days, a patch of blue sky is invariably to be found. On days when the sky is completely overcast, no soaring takes place till the clouds begin to break. On the few cold and cloudy mornings before sunrise, since my observations began, kites were finding little support in the air, and flew from their roosting trees with rapid wing beats; as the day advanced they indulged in short glides with intervals of flapping flight, and if the sun broke through, then soaring commenced.

On days when the sun shines unceasingly—as it usually does—soaring birds may be seen from sunrise to sunset.

The vulture is a lazy bird, and although he has brought the habit of soaring without effort to a fine art, he has no "stunts"; any monoplane pilot can play him at his own game, and beat him. It is to the kite that aviation must

in calm air. In the disturbed area every bird immediately flexed the wings. The contrast with those outside it was remarkable, though these also experienced great difficulties in balancing, some getting a big wobble on which had to be corrected by a few strokes of flapping flight.

Flexing the wings in an aeroplane would mean a higher speed attainable and a saving of fuel. A machine with wings drawn in would be able to progress against a much faster wind than a fixed wing machine of the same power. With the smaller wing surface it would be easier to balance in meeting cross currents. The fully expanded wings are used for rising from the ground, soaring, weight carrying, and long, gliding descents in calm weather. In all these the largest amount of supporting surface is required; and they are cases when an aeroplane with large but light wings would have an advantage over a racing type with wings pared down to the utmost limit of safety.

Besides using their tails for the turns, kites put in some steep banking, getting their angle by warping the wing tips, a dodge which can be seen working on any monoplane. My notes include an instance of upside down flying (in true Pegoud style). This was when a kite was being attacked from above by another. While the battle lasted, this bird executed three perfect loops, with a short moment when it was actually flying upside down, and showing a pair of claws to the descending enemy which effectually kept him at a distance.



H. F. Winters.

KITES PUT IN SOME STEEP BANKING.

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turn again, as he still has many tricks up his sleeve, so to speak.

Comparing the kite with the vulture the most striking difference will be found in the tails. The kite has a large, forked tail freely moving as it on a pivot, which it makes much use of in all its changes of direction. The vulture's tail is small and is almost invisible at a height. As these birds are never in a hurry, "banking," or raising one of their large wings and lowering the other, answers their purpose for turning, without much assistance from the tail. It seems to me, since watching the kites and their wonderful command over the air, that it is in the use of a flex-winged aeroplane that the future of aviation lies. This has yet to be invented. No bird flies against a head wind with wings fully extended; the higher the wind, the more the wings are drawn in to the sides. The reason is obvious: the less surface exposed, the less resistance there is to overcome, and the higher the speed attainable. Again, the wings are flexed nearly to the body for headlong dives: the steeper the dive, the more the wing is drawn in. It is only expanded when the bird desires to stop. The tail here assists. During the dive it is blown back by the wind, but for checking speed it is forced down and expanded, giving, with the extended wings, the utmost resisting surface (not only arresting the flight, but changing the direction from a downward to a horizontal course).

A good example of the use made of wing flexing was given when a whirlwind passed by while kites were soaring

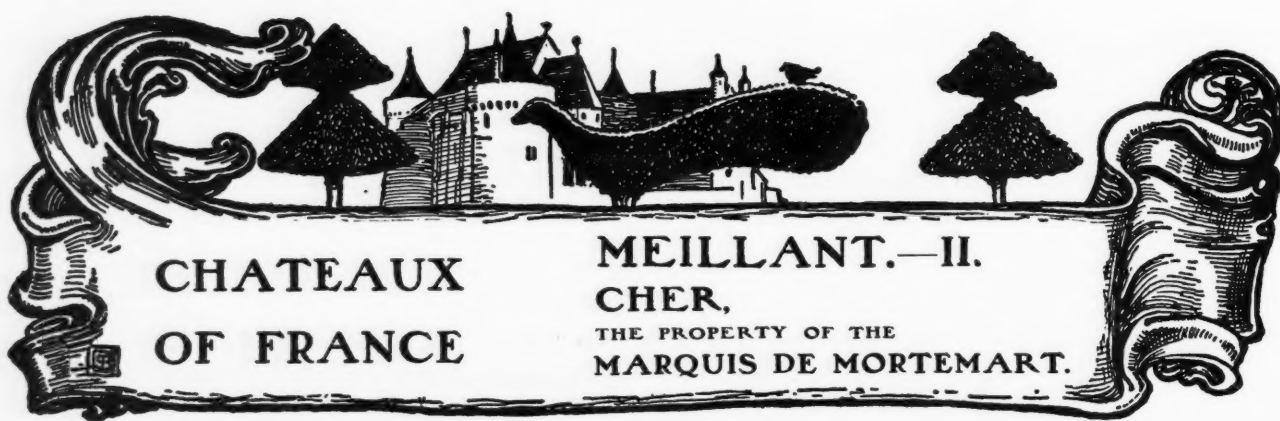
Soaring is done by the garrison kites essentially for pleasure and to escape the grilling heat of the sun-baked earth. There is no need for them to look for food; they know they can get their fill at regular intervals, and are good timekeepers. Yet they spend their spare hours as specks in the blue sky, circling and ever circling. No doubt the soaring habit is a system evolved for the finding of food.

A big range of vision is secured at high altitudes and, with a limited number patrolling, a vast amount of country can be covered. A dead animal does not remain long undetected: as soon as a bird descends to feed, a shrewd construction is put on the movement by those nearest. They follow, and are followed in turn till every bone is picked clean.

No doubt the flex-winged and kite-tailed machine will come and the pilot to fly it. With it the risk of collision will be minimised (and one might make bold to forecast the appearance of an aeroplane tent-pegging and polo team at Hendon).

Photographing kites in the act of striking is no easy matter. The speed of these birds can be realised by the fact that a great many plates in the writer's possession, although only exposed one thousandth of a second, show no vestige of the bird which ought to be in the picture. Before even that short exposure was finished, the kite was several feet away with the meat it had snatched.

ROBERT E. CHEESMAN.



THE claim to Milan (which, as I wrote last week, cost Meillant's owner his life and France so much blood and treasure) went with Asti and trebled its importance. But the Emperor himself now joined in that claim in accordance with one of Giangaleazzo's several "investitures" before mentioned; and Italy held on to Asti, as France to Calais. Other claimants immediately started to life—Sforza not least among them; for his bride's dowry was Cremona and Pontremoli, and already he held the lieutenancy of Asti. The Duke of Milan himself, weaving intrigue as usual, could not make up his mind to any clear statement of policy, and even negotiated on the subject with the French Dauphin. Dunois returned, having accomplished nothing. The French Dauphin at once began intrigues on his own account with Savoy, and a situation arose not unlike the tangle of the Balkan States of our own twentieth century. The knot was momentarily cut by the "restitution" of Asti to the King of France's lieutenant, "with the good will and consent of Charles d'Orleans," and to France Asti remained for many years pathetically faithful. Then, in August, 1447, Filippo Maria died. The expectant heirs gathered hungrily to hear the will which he had signed only the day before his death. He left everything to Alphonso of Arragon, King of Naples, amid universal surprise and stupefaction.

Milan at once declared itself a Free Republic; and the other cities, refusing to take her as their overlord, immediately gave themselves to Venice, to Savoy, to Genoa, to Orleans, to Montferrat, to Ferrara, and so forth; and all these latter

hurried on their preparations to guard and hold their new possessions. Pavia fell to Francesco Sforza. The French governor of Asti, bearing the lilies of Orleans upon his banner, marched on Milan, but after some preliminary victories was beaten and sent home again. On October 29, 1447, the Duke of Orleans himself reached Asti, apparently more inclined to talk poetry with Antonio Astesano than break a lance among the medley of conflicting princelets. After some nine months of it, Orleans returned to France. All the intrigues blazed into life again at once from every quarter. It is clear that Francesco Sforza was the one man everybody feared; and they were right, for he suddenly made friends with Savoy, defeated Venice, and prepared for the attack on Milan. In the continued absence of any troops from France, by the sheer force of his personality he won what his arms might almost alone have accomplished, and in February, 1450, he rode into Milan as its lord, and the armour of his soldiers was hidden by the loaves of bread they carried for the starving population. "The theory that might is right" wrote Madame Darmesteter, in 1889, in the volume called "The End of the Middle Ages"—from which I had unravelled these tangles of Italian history—"appears sufficient in the hour of conquest, yet it is but a slender basis for future government." As I read over the proofs of my own lines in 1915, that sentence has a far deeper significance. I like Francesco Sforza infinitely better than any modern German; but there is the same fatal flaw in the policy of both.

Francesco began the consolidation of his position against Orleans by destroying Giangaleazzo's will, of which, as







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THE CHAPEL AT MEILLANT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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DETAIL OF COAT-OF-ARMS

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THE CHAPEL DOORWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

we know, copies had been previously taken. But the delays of Orleans and of France continued; and in the meantime, the spirit of nationality which was to unite the French against the English began, for a short while at any rate, to unite Italians against all foreigners. Louis XI, the new King of France in 1461, not only ceded to Francesco Sforza the French claims to Genoa and Savona, he would have ceded Asti also, had Asti agreed to abandon their beloved house of Orleans. Then Charles d'Orleans himself died, leaving only an infant of three years of age as heir to his claim on Milan; and three years afterwards the brave Dunois was dead as well. The second Louis d'Orleans was married in 1473 to Jeanne de France, with the deliberate intention that he should have no children. No wonder Sforza and his six sons seemed firmly fixed in Milan. But in 1483 Louis XI, King of France, died miserably. He was succeeded by Charles, an unhealthy, honest, dull boy, dreaming for ever of the romance of ancient chivalry; and Louis II of Orleans, now one of the handsomest and most brilliant knights in France, waxed ever stronger and stronger in influence and wealth. Meanwhile Francesco, too, had died, and his fourth son, Ludovico il Moro, was gradually usurping the power and position of the real heir. Venice subtly suggested the revival of the Orleans claim to Milan, at the same time as Ludovico Sforza himself favoured the French claim (through Anjou) to Naples. For the time these suggestions failed. But in 1494 Charles VIII of France was crossing the Alps to Italy and Louis II d'Orleans had preceded him, chief in command and master of the fleet. They were both at Asti in September that year, and we may easily imagine Ludovico's embarrassment at finding the French King so unexpectedly near Milan, in company with Orleans, its ancient claimant; and he was no doubt entirely ignorant of the overtures from Venice which are to-day revealed to us in the documents so closely hidden from contemporary eyes. He found himself hated by the Italians for "calling in the foreigner," and endangered by Orleans in his own Duchy. Milan as well as Naples was too much. Ludovico poisoned his nephew and assumed the Dukedom of Milan by letter from the Emperor, paid for at a price.

At Asti, however, Orleans did not seem so much perturbed as he should have



been. He had, in fact, found unexpected welcome from those who hailed him as the true heir of their beloved Giangaleazzo Visconti, the first Duke. And Charles VIII had entered Naples in February, 1495. So Orleans determined to fight Ludovico Sforza, who, to the crime of poisoning had now added the attempt to seize the inheritance of Milan, and further had actually summoned him to give up his own loyal town of Asti. He struck first, and occupied Novara, wherein he was forthwith straightly besieged, and was only released by Charles VIII's army, "on a composition," after severe hardship. D'Amboise of Meillant was with the royal troops. By November they were all back in France, and soon afterwards died the little heir of Charles VIII whose tomb in Tours Cathedral I have already mentioned. In April, 1498, died Charles VIII himself, and Louis II d'Orleans became King Louis XII of France. By the next year he had conquered Lombardy, and in 1505 he was invested with the Duchy of Milan by the Emperor, with inheritance to his daughter Claude, and to her future husband, François, the next King of France.

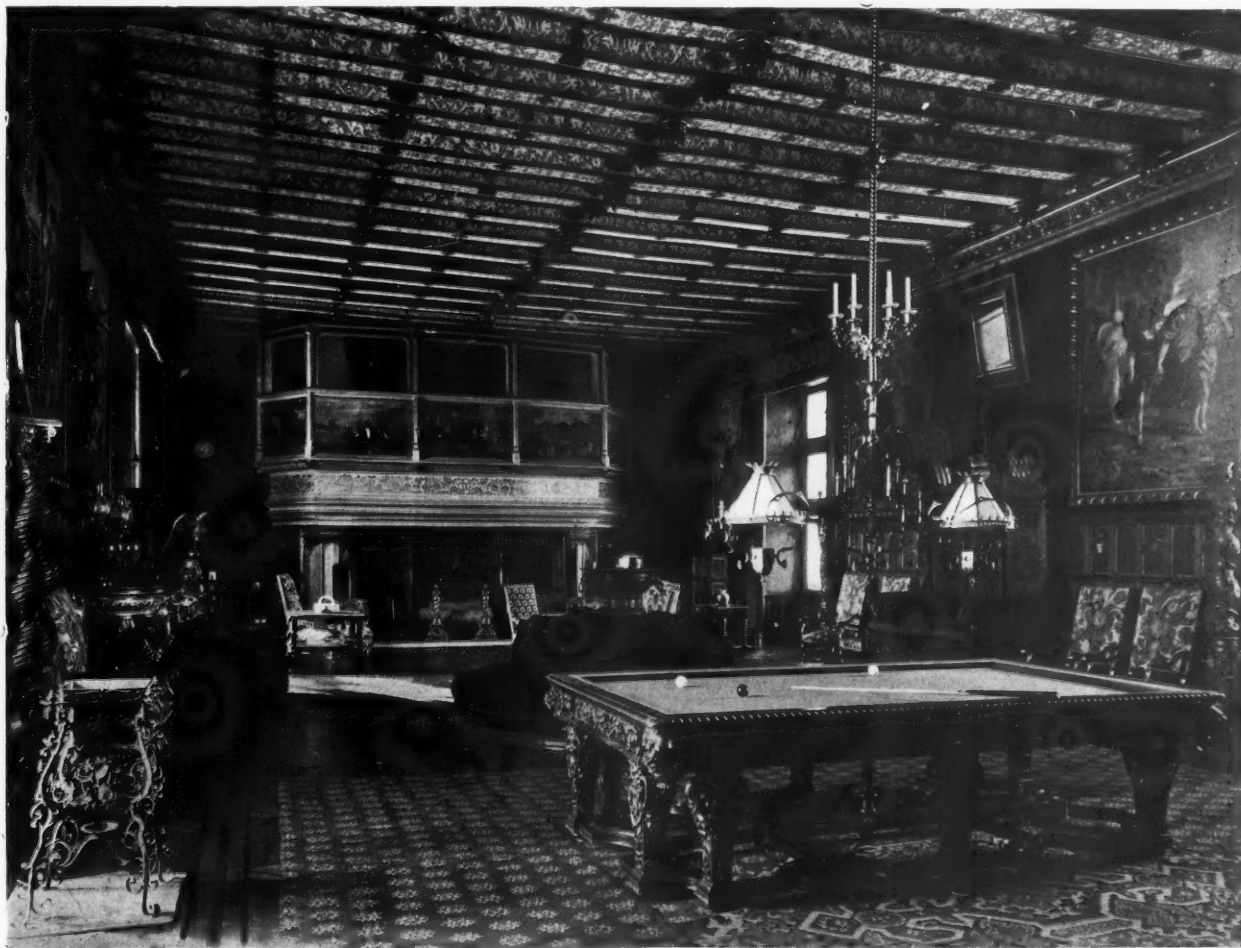


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SALLE A MANGER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Such is the romantic story of those French claims in Italy which were only extinguished when François I lost "all save honour" on the stricken field of Pavia. Long before then D'Amboise of Meillant had died in those interminable campaigns, and though I have left out many details it has been necessary to give so long an epitome of the facts because they enter again and again into the story of the great French Chateaux and their builders. Of the end



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GRAND SALON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of D'Amboise of Meillant we are told in the pages of Fleuranges.

The Fleuranges of the "Memoirs," called "Le Jeune Adventueux," was son of Robert de la Marche, Seigneur of Sedan, and Catherine of Croy, sister to the Prince of Chimay. He came as a boy to the Court of Louis XII at Blois in 1501, and was first sent to keep company with young Francis d'Angoulême (the heir) at Amboise, where they played at bowls and tennis and other games. Fleuranges would be about nineteen when Louis XII went down in the spring of 1507 to Lyons with his Queen, Anne of Brittany, on his way through Grenoble towards Milan, which was held by the King's lieutenant-general "Chaumont d'Amboise, grand maistre de France," and commander-in-



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THE CHAIR OF STATE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

chief of the French Army of 50,000 men—a leader whose skill and capacity Fleuranges describes in the most glowing terms. The ten thousand Swiss mercenaries were under Montbazou, Fleuranges's cousin. With them were Chaumont's brother, nephew of Cardinal d'Amboise, La Trémouille, Dunois, d'Aubigny, La Palice, the Dukes of Vendôme and Nemours, Châtillon, Grammont, Bayard, and many more. Cardinal d'Amboise himself, and Cardinal de la Marche and the Bishop of Liège, represented the Church Militant. Fleuranges has much to say of the defeat of the Venetians and of the superiority of the French artillery—famous forerunners of the still more famous *soixante-quinzes*; of Berthélemy d'Alviennes, who was sent to the



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REREDOS IN CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



dungeons of Loches; of the governor of Peschiera, who was hanged upon the spot, in spite of Chaumont's protestations; and of subsequent difficulties with the Emperor. But in 1510 Fleuranges was back in France for his marriage with the niece of Cardinal d'Amboise, which happened not long before the Cardinal's death in the Convent of the Celestins at Lyons at about noon on the 25th of May. That June saw "the young adventurer" crossing the Mont Cenis into Italy again, where his uncle, the grand-master Chaumont d'Amboise, welcomed him warmly; for news had come that Pope Julius was growing lively, and the French were on the march under Nemours and La Palice to Parma as the winter began. Their guns were in charge of Pierre Dougnots, a Gascon, Captain Pontereux, and a skilled engineer called Lubin, who moved them cleverly on sledges over the snow. On the way, the grand-master, "who was a cheery man and the best boon companion in the world," began to play at snowballs with Nemours, and very soon some four hundred soldiers were hard at work pelting each other. By evil chance Chaumont d'Amboise was hit in the face by a

snowball with a stone in it, but he advanced towards Mirandola with the rest, and took his share in a somewhat hot skirmish at the bridge. During the fight Chaumont fell, in full armour, into the ice-cold water of the stream and was rescued by Fleuranges, but not before he had been thoroughly chilled. He went on resolutely, however, in a closed sledge, and reached Correggio in a high fever. There he handed over the command to Trivulzio, and died on February 11, 1511.

As there were no children, Meillant passed through a cousin, Antoinette, to her husband Antoine de la Rochefoucauld, and then with another girl, to Antoine de Brichanteau, seigneur de Nangis. At the Revolution the Duc de Charost was the owner, and though his son perished by the guillotine, he was himself so beloved that his tenants fetched him out of prison from St. Amand and brought him home in triumph. In 1837 Meillant passed to his niece, Virginie de Sainte-Aldegonde, Duchesse de Mortemart, who confided the restoration of the older parts of the castle to the architect Le Normand; and in the Mortemart family it remains to this day.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### VEGETABLES FOR SOWING DURING AUGUST.

**U**NDER normal conditions the end of the third week in August marks the finish of the sowing season for vegetables. In a great many gardens this work is brought to a conclusion much earlier, partly through lack of knowledge and partly indifference on the part of owner and gardener. At ordinary times this is not very serious, but now that we are rightly being urged to grow as much wholesome food as possible, and to economise with existing supplies, it is the duty of everyone to adopt unusual or little known measures with those ends in view. The amount of success attained with the late sowings that I will advocate will depend to a large extent on the season and, in lesser degree, the kind of soil one has to contend with and the amount of care that can be given to the crops. Even with highly unfavourable circumstances partial and useful crops will be obtained, and it is impossible to place too strongly before those who have ground and seed available the desirability of attempting something at least on the lines indicated.

**Potatoes.**—These, our most important root crop, have received considerable attention from the Board of Agriculture during the last few weeks. As I pointed out in this page in the issue of June 12th, it is far more profitable to plant them late than to throw them away or feed them to pigs. Even at this date, if the tubers are sound, they should be planted, with every likelihood of yielding good crops for use at the end of October or early November. Where old tubers are not available I would not hesitate to plant new ones, selecting these from the earliest and most matured plants in the garden. If lifted and rested for a week or so before replanting, they will give some useful tubers during late autumn.

**Carrots.**—Next to Potatoes these are the most useful vegetable to sow now for winter use. A well drained plot of moderately rich and thoroughly tilled ground should form the seed-bed, and a stump-rooted Carrot ought to be chosen, as this type matures more quickly than the longer ones. Young roots from this sowing will be available for use from the end of October onwards through the winter. The bed should be protected with Bracken or other litter during severe frost.

**Turnips.**—After the outbreak of war last year I made a sowing of Early Snowball, and the result was an excellent crop

for use during the winter. Thin sowing, in rows 1ft. apart, and early thinning, so that the plants stand 6in. asunder, are essential. Mulching between the rows with lawn clippings will preserve moisture and prevent the roots becoming "woody."

**Beetroot.**—This is a rather risky crop to sow now, yet if seed of a Turnip-rooted variety is available, and a warm, well drained piece of ground is vacant, it is worth trying. The roots will not be very large by early November, yet if the elements are favourable they will be of sufficient size for use in salads.

**Radishes.**—Seed of French Breakfast variety, scattered thinly and lightly covered with soil, will yield some useful salad in a very short time. It is necessary to keep them well watered, hence the bed should be in an easily accessible place.

**Onions.**—The present is a good time to sow seeds of winter or spring Onions. These have to stand through the winter, and are either pulled and used green at the end of March or during April, or transplanted at the end of October for growing on into large bulbs for use in July of next year. As a catch crop the growing of these Onions for salad is one of the most profitable for market gardeners. A system that I used to adopt largely was to sow a row between every two rows of newly planted Strawberries. The Onions were cleared in April, and did not do the slightest harm to the Strawberries.

**Lettuce.**—These also used to be sown between the newly planted Strawberries, or else in a separate bed, and the seedlings transplanted there later on. They were cleared in May, just when the Strawberries were commencing to flower. Hardy Hammersmith for a Cabbage variety and Black-seeded Bath Cos for an erect sort were the varieties chosen. The end of August is a good time to sow.

**Spring Cabbages.**—From August 1st to August 12th is the period that experience tells us is best for sowing seeds of this important crop. They are scattered thinly in rows 1ft. apart, and when a few inches high transplanted to their

permanent positions. The distance apart will depend on the variety. Harbinger, which, I think, is the best and earliest of all, is a rather small Cabbage, and needs but 18in. between the rows and 1ft. between the plants. Though small it is a Cabbage of the best quality.



E. J. Wallis

LILIAM GIGANTEUM IN THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS AT WISLEY.

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**THE GIANT LILY, LILIAM GIGANTEUM.** DURING the last few weeks one of the most interesting spots in the Royal

Horticultural Society's Gardens at Wisley has been the thinly wooded copse situated immediately below the rock garden. Here the soil is of a moist character and rich in humus, while the lofty trees provide just that amount of shade so highly appreciated by many hardy plants. Such a situation is ideal for that noble and perfectly hardy Lily, *Lilium giganteum*, a fact that the authorities have not been slow to take advantage of. This year between fifty and sixty plants have produced their stately heads of noble flowers, and next year there is a possibility that several hundreds will have reached their flowering stage. The illustration on page 167 gives a good idea of the grand bearing of the flowering plants, but a picture cannot possibly convey the wonderful beauty of the large, tubular flowers. These are of a creamy white hue, with broad streaks of purplish maroon on the inner surface, while their fragrance is of a decidedly pronounced and, at a little distance, pleasing character.

Although, as already indicated, this superb Lily is quite hardy in the British Isles, not a few good gardeners fail in its cultivation. The primary cause of this, in nine cases out of ten, is the reliance placed upon imported bulbs. These usually reach this country in a semi-dried state, from which they seldom recover; hence failure is assured at the outset. As this Lily is easily raised from seeds, though patience is required for the seedling to attain flowering size, there ought not to be any difficulty in procuring home raised bulbs, and probably some enterprising nursery firm will one day rise to the occasion. Once a plant has flowered young bulbs or offsets are obtainable in quantity, and these in a year or two will have grown sufficiently to produce flower-spikes. The original bulb, after it has blossomed, dies; but with a number of young ones to take its place this is not a very serious matter.

Generous diet is an essential item in cultivating the Giant Lily. For every bulb a hole at least a foot in diameter and as much in depth should be made, and this filled with good loam, leaf-soil and peat. The bulbs should be planted in October, and only sufficiently deeply to enable the top of each to be covered with about an inch of soil. The following spring when growth is active, heavy mulchings of cow and fish manure are beneficial, the objectionable character of these being eliminated by a thin covering of fine soil. Moisture at the roots it must have, and a little overhead shade is highly appreciated.

#### THE AUTUMN TREATMENT OF LOGANBERRIES AND RASPBERRIES.

DURING the last year or two the value of the loganberry for preserving purposes has been fully realised, and it is by no means unusual to find the fruits offered for sale in shops as "Giant" and "Egyptian Raspberries." The plant is a rampant grower, and will thrive in almost any soil, yet the majority of those who attempt to cultivate it do not get anything like the crop that a properly tended plant is capable of producing. This is due more to ignorance than to any wilful lack of attention. It should be fully realised that the fruit next year will be borne on the lusty young growths or rods that are being pushed up from the base this summer. The better these are ripened before the winter the better will be the crop next year, hence anything that can be done to bring that about ought not to be neglected. The growths that are fruiting this year have completed their work when the berries have all been gathered, and the sooner they are cut right out the better it will be for the young ones that remain. Too often they are allowed to remain until the winter, all the time deriving a certain amount of nourishment from the roots, and impeding the progress of light and air to the new shoots. After

cutting away the old rods the cultivator will probably find that there are more new ones than can be accommodated. If this is so the weakest ought to be cut away, retaining only sufficient of the sturdiest to furnish whatever support is available.

With Raspberries the same methods apply with even greater force. Too often I receive complaints of Raspberries being small and hard, the flowers in some instances refusing to set, and in others collapse of the canes after the flowering stage has been reached. In nearly every case this can be traced to immature rods or, in other words, only partial ripening the previous autumn. For many years now I have made a practice of going over the Raspberries early in June, cutting away the obviously weak and unwanted new shoots, leaving only the strongest and best. Then, immediately all the fruit has been gathered, the old canes are cut out and the new ones loosely tied in their places. The result by winter is stout, hard canes of a beautiful brown colour, and a heavy crop of luscious fruit the following year. F. W. H.

## MESTROVIC AND THE SPIRIT OF SERBIA.

WHEN Auguste Rodin gave to the nation the collection of his sculptures which was deposited in the Victoria and Albert Museum, there were critics who complained that official sanction should not be awarded to an artist variously described as a poseur and an inventor of unseemly novelties. Most people declined to be moved by these jeremiads, and continued grateful for a gift which was none the less valuable



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MARKO KRALJEVIC, CHAMPION OF THE SERVIAN RACE.

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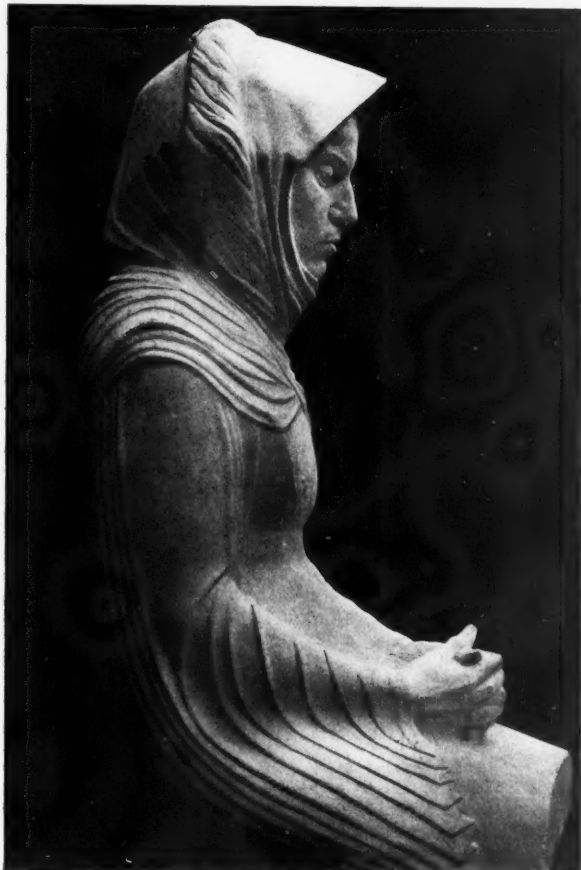


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## ONE OF THE WIDOWS OF KOSOVO.

for not being fully representative of a great artist. Now that the Government has welcomed the loan of the work of Ivan Mestrovic and is showing it at South Kensington, there is a further flutter in artistic circles and similar protests at the official recognition of another artist who is alien to the spirit of English sculpture. If that be true, so much the worse for our contemporary art. Ivan Mestrovic is something more than an artist, he is a national portent, he "stabs the spirit



E. O. Hoppé THE SCULPTOR'S MOTHER.

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broad awake" to a burning sense of the wrongs and sufferings of the Southern Slavs. For five centuries the people of Serbia were broken, enslaved and dumb, the sport of the conquering Turk. In the short lifetime of Mestrovic—he is still in the thirties—he has seen the resurrection of a national spirit determined to complete the freedom of every Southern Slav from Teutonic oppression. In our own preoccupation with the death-struggle between German militarism and our own free spirit, we are apt to forget that the die was cast when the fanatic at Sarajevo struck his blow at Austrian domination. It is, then, not only as sculpture, but as the accepted expression of the bitter cry of a mutilated race and of an overwhelming national emotion towards liberty, that we must regard the work of Ivan Mestrovic. The first question, then, is not whether the sculptures accord with our preconceived ideas of abstract beauty, but whether their appeal is authentic and convincing. The answer seems, to me at least, to be overwhelmingly Yes! It is impossible to look at the twelve caryatids—suffering, enduring and almost but not quite hopeless Serbian women—symbolic of the various lands of Serbia both free and unredeemed, without recognising their sincerity and power. Bearing a burden of hideous



E. O. Hoppé. PORTRAIT OF LEONARDO BISTOLFI. Copyright.

oppression, they are unbroken by it. It is nothing to the purpose to compare their tortured melancholy with the gracious calm of the caryatids of the Erechtheum, with work of the Golden Age of Greek liberty and culture. They were modelled as supporting figures in the long cloisters of the atrium of the Temple of Kosovo, a great imaginative conception for a Valhalla of the Southern Slavs. The Serbians dream of building this on the battlefield where, in 1389, the Turks beat the ancient Serbian Empire into the dust and destroyed at one blow the vigorous Christian culture which was beginning to blossom where East and West met. Of this temple a great wooden model is shown, and it is enough to reveal the large architectural vision of Mestrovic. The long atrium leads to a great domed sanctuary, designed to enshrine the colossal statue of Milos Obilic, the Serbian knight who on the eve of Kosovo slew the Sultan Murad with his own hand. The complete scheme, with its tall tower in many stages borne aloft by rows of winged caryatids, its long rows of massive columns, and its sparing but organic use of sculptured decoration, is impressive in its strength and broad repose. The model is confessedly a sketch and must not be criticised in detail: for that reason the artist wisely refuses to have it photographed for reproduction.

Ivan Mestrovic is the son of a shepherd born and bred in a stony and unsmiling land, learning of his country's wrongs from the ballads that passed from mouth to mouth, and making his first artistic essays by carving rude peasant figures as he tended the flocks. His earliest serious attempts were in modelling the heads of modern Croat patriots. But it would be to misunderstand the whole trend and purpose of his work to believe that the archaisms and, if you will, the crudities of his figures come from ignorance of the history of sculpture. He was fully trained at the Academy of Arts in Vienna, and saw the storm of *L'Art Nouveau* break over the heads of his contemporaries. He is no Giottesque shepherd lad lisping in archaic numbers because the numbers came, but a deliberate artist who has mastered all the techniques and has made a purposeful choice. The bust of Leonardo Bistolfi shows a serene skill in simple portraiture. His two busts of his wife mark a technical facility which shows modern studio work of a most persuasive kind (one of them has an intimate suggestion of the Rossetti manner, but with superadded power), and it is clear that the archaism of his Marko Kraljevic (in the studies for the head and for the equestrian statue of the legendary hero) is deliberately adopted to convey a spiritual meaning. It is arguable whether this motive is not pressed too far in the frankly ugly head of "Serge, the Frowning Hero," but the essence of the conception is to express the famous Serb ballad:

This angry hero of the frown  
Who spits six Turks upon his lance  
And flings them backward o'er his head  
Across the river Sitaica  
Six at a stroke and six again.

That the sculptor can give us forms of grave beauty is shown by the exquisite figure of "The Artist's Mother," and the "Female Head" in black marble, as straightforward a piece of portraiture as the most unimaginative critic could desire. But Mestrovic is full of surprises, and I confess I was affronted by the distorted figure of the "Christ on the Cross." Its emaciation carries the anguish of crucifixion to a point that passes over the border and drops almost into caricature. It is difficult to believe it by the same hand as the groups of "Widows of Kosovo," which obviously owe much to the ever-living influence of Michelangelo in their suppressed passion of grief. The added tenderness of the "Widow and Child" (now illustrated) is conceived in the spirit of the great "Madonnas" of the past.

The two halls, where the Mestrovic works are displayed, are separated by a third in which some of Alfred Stevens' noblest models are permanently placed. Both sculptors owe to Michelangelo the main force of their inspiration, but Mestrovic is closer to the Master. Both rely on an elder classical convention, but Mestrovic is fuller of the vivid Gothic fury which informs the more tempestuous subjects of the great Florentine. The Serbian artist's most intimate touch with both men is in the essentially architectonic spirit of his sculptures. The greater of them were conceived as organic parts of a great building, and the same quality informs even those which are independent works. There is in them all a sure grasp of the limitations of materials. We imagine the figures imprisoned in the rock from which the artist has released them. They do not suggest the weary processes of translation from clay to perdurable stone. By the same token the great wooden caryatid has a curious fibrous strength.

It is difficult to make a sum of the influences which seem to have been fused for the making of an art strange,



E. O. Hoppé

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MILOS OBILIC, "MOST NOBLE AND VEHEMENT OF HEROES."

impressive, in the main ungracious, but strong and convincing. There is Assyrian impassivity in the great Sphinx, the cold simplicity of the archaic Greek in some of the heroic figures, a hint of the Ludovisi throne in the relief of "The Dancing Woman," an antic caricature reminiscent of a Gothic gargyle in the "Portrait of Rodin," the restless, consuming vigour of the Quincento in the "Serbian Widows," and an almost tricky note of the modern French studio in some of the portraits. Through them all appears the pervading and persuasive personality of the artist himself, master of all these manners and overcome by none of them.

Above all, there is the fact that Ivan Mestrovic has a message, that he has something to say which could be rightly said thus and not otherwise. If we look in his work for urbanity or the ready accomplishment of the schools we shall be disappointed; but if we are ready to absorb with sympathy the outlook of the artist, we cannot deny that his aim has been accomplished with a power which makes most of his contemporaries'

work seem small and lifeless. When the Serbian peoples, finally freed from oppression and living proudly in their redeemed lands, can look on their wrongs as no more than history, the mask of grief will fall from Mestrovic's heroes and his art will blossom into an expression of human joy and national liberty.

L. W.

## FOR LA BELLE FRANCE

**E**VEN if too old to join the Sportsmen's Battalion, one can yet serve in the Army of this the greatest of all the crusades by turning a motor into an ambulance and departing for France under the ægis of the Croix Rouge. The writer was attached to the English hospital, part of the Great Central Hospital at Bar-le-Duc, and now proposes briefly to set down what he heard and saw during his seven weeks as *ambulancier* in France. He well remembers how, on the first long drive out with the ambulances to fetch back wounded from near the front to our hospital, we passed through village after village which had been totally wrecked by shells and burned by fire by the Germans in their retreat from the Marne last September. On our asking the *Sous Officier*, attached as guide to our convoy, the meaning of this senseless destruction, he replied laconically that "Les Boches" had done it "for pleasure."

In one charmingly situated village, whither we went for the wounded, there was a convent—now a hospital—wherein the Mother Superior had been forced to give up all she had, for there was a German officer at either side of her with revolver cocked and another behind—threatening instant death. Then, having stripped the convent of everything—even down to the sheets of the wounded—"Les Boches" took away as prisoners all the French *blessés* who could be moved, while they left their own wounded to be tended by the plundered nuns.

Again, on another occasion and in another village, our Red Cross ambulances were fired upon as we drew up beside the *Hopital d'Evacuation*, but, fortunately, without any damage being done save to the tunic of a "Poilu," who, amidst roars of laughter from his comrades, protested against the dirt the shell had flung upon him. Now, as this particular village had not been shelled for some weeks, it seems to show that the Red Cross is a bait that no German gunner can resist. Often it was our duty to meet the wounded at the station, and it was most pathetic to see the stream of wounded, weary and diseased men who could still walk totter along the platform, like the pallid ghosts of Homer's underworld—shadows of their former selves—the very mist of perspiration on their cheeks showing more brightly than their lustreless eyes.



After these had descended from the luggage vans, the more serious cases were lifted from the stretchers in the Red Cross carriages of the Société de Secours aux Blessés and carefully placed on our own stretchers that awaited them on the platform. Each helpless figure bore his *Fiche de diagnostic Blessé évacuable*, with *nom* and *prénom* and number of his regiment, together with the *nature de la blessure* and *opérations exécutées* set forth upon it. One lamentable case bore the inscription *plaies multipliées*—the result of a bomb. The poor victim had lost both eyes and had had his jaw broken and his thigh smashed; his brain partly protruded, and he could but press the surgeon's hand in mute sympathy before he died in hospital and was laid with others of the sheeted dead within the mortuary.

Finally, just before he left the Caserne Nouvelle the writer fell into conversation with two wounded Frenchmen who had recently become convalescent. After telling them that he had a son in the Guards, who was probably at that moment in the trenches, he enquired if his two auditors were married and had children. The nearest one, a Chasseur of most engaging *bonhomie*, said, "Yes"; he had two, the eldest a boy some eight years old, but they had been carried away into captivity by "Les Boches" in the early weeks of the war. "Ma femme," he said, slowly, "elle s'est sauvée." He paused a moment, then added, "De mes enfants depuis août aucune nouvelle." The other Frenchman added that he too came from the north of France, and was in like case. Whereupon the listener, enraged at this "frigid and calculated" brutality, gave this vent to his feelings: "Ils sont des vrais barbares, les Boches. Il faut les exterminer." The Chasseur lifted his unwounded hand in air and then let it fall slowly downward. This might

have been in assent, but more probably it was the gesture of a natural gentleman bewildered by the action of an "impossible bouncer."

The temper of the French people is splendid. There is a quiet confidence in ultimate victory, which sprang to birth after the turning of "Les Boches" upon the Marne. The tremendous nature of the issues involved and the discipline of *les tranchées* have steadied and purified the spirit of the nation. Chanticleer, who has been voiceless during the last forty years of German bullying and aggression, has commenced to sing once more, but not too loudly. He chants delightfully the praises of *nos Poilus*, *nos Soixante-Quinzes*, *notre Rosalie* et *notre Joffre*, praises which all the world will echo. Their achievements are known, and of "La Rosalie"—the new bayonet—it may be said that it is an ideal weapon for anyone used to fencing, since it is in reality a shortened *épée*, whereas the old bayonet—still in use by sentries guarding railway lines and stations, etc.—was a shortened sword, and clumsy in comparison. At hand-grips "Le Boche" has no chance against "Le Poilu" armed with "La Rosalie"—and "Le Boche" knows it.

It is an intense pleasure to be able to help the French in these days, even in humble fashion, for they are extraordinarily receptive and sympathetic.

"Voilà des Anglais! Vivent les Anglais! Vive l'Angleterre!" were cries that often greeted us as we walked along the streets of the town in the east of France where we were quartered. There would follow insistent handshakes from boys and girls, and from one tiny maiden in an alley the writer was presented with a dandelion—all she possessed—which he treasures to this day.

AMBULANCIER.

## THE FLEMISH SYSTEM OF POULTRY REARING :

SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED.—VIII.

BY BELLE ORPIGNE (FORMERLY MADAME B. ALBERT JASPER).

AT the beginning of my undertaking I fed my birds on the commercial ration, to which, to increase its value and its palatableness, were added several foods I had tried years ago. They were calculated not to raise the cost of the birds, as the same quantity of food was taken away from the original ration. These additions were, of course, calculated to improve the quality of table birds. It is not practicable to make complicated experiments when a business has to pay immediately, on account of the general expenses running every day, as such an object is never attained without difficulty. There is, at first, an enormous wastage, and many costly false steps, as well as an expensive *mise au point* which requires all one's attention if a profit from the first year's undertaking is desired. Therefore it is essential to adopt at once a practical and irrevocable rule, this being the only way to succeed. It permits one's thoughts to be concentrated on the same object, and to perceive what is wrong or could be better.

As in a paying undertaking one has to be most careful, I waited till the business was in good going order before beginning to experiment anew. Then I started several tests, carried out for months, with five pens, each containing 720 birds, separated into three lots. The plan of these experiments was to feed a constant basal ration, with the addition of different feeding materials possessing great digestibility and productibility as well as very little crude fibre. One of them was made with a scientifically composed food for chickens. I did not at first believe very much in such foods, because many of them generally sold under attractive names, but not descriptive of the material contained in them, are often made of nothing else than a mixture of by-products of little value. Also, though these foods are sometimes sold with a guarantee as to the amount of protein, it is far from being sufficient, as many materials rich in protein, are not always made of *digestible* protein. Consequently this guarantee is not worth much. To inspire confidence certain condiments, with a smell of drugs, are added to such foods, pretending to increase their digestibility. Scientific and impartial experiments have been made with these condiments which have often shown that they neither improve the effect nor the value of the food.

But once I was determined to see for myself if really something in the way of a scientific food existed for chickens,

I was most careful to get it from a reliable house. I applied to the English house, Spratt, renowned for its products. One of my pens was fed with nothing but this food. One lot received it in a dry form, the second one mixed with skimmed milk, and the third with water, to which two tablespoonfuls of linseed meal to the litre were added; the other pens were treated in the same way. Although sceptical as to the result I could not help noticing that, after a time, the birds under the compound food experiment increased and feathered very quickly, and were better and bigger than the birds in some of the other pens. The chickens at the time were delicate. An illness of the ovarian organ of the hen (owing to the stupidities of peasants in-breeding too much, etc.) had spread over the whole of Belgium, and though in my house all precautions are taken against illness, I also had more mortality than usual. The poor little birds were already ill in the egg and those hatching had already in them the illness from which later on they were to suffer.

The Spratt chickens showed a lower percentage of mortality, so I had to conclude that the food was more suitable to the birds' organisms, probably because it contained some mineral substances. During the course of these early experiments I continued to feed them with it, notwithstanding the price, which, at first, I thought prohibitive for a commercial undertaking. Later on I came to the conclusion—when I realised that it had added only 10 centimes (not quite a penny) to each bird's cost for the three weeks that this food was given—that such a small increase was of very little importance. The death of 300 or 400 birds monthly is not in itself a great loss in a commercial undertaking, on account of the very little value of the birds during their first month. The worst was, that their deaths do not decrease the running expenses of the business in the least degree, on the contrary, it raises the price of the living ones. Nothing, therefore, ought to be spared to help them in this delicate period of their lives. It matters little if they cost more, so long as they grow up and bring us a profit, instead of a loss, and a consequent rise in the price of the living ones. After I had made these experiments I was enlightened as to the necessary addition to the basal ration. The composition food tests, having been a practical illustration of the advantages of various ingredients in the food, I then began to experiment in another direction in order to find a scientific concentrated food for the

production of table fowls, which would eradicate leg weakness and the stoppage in growth.

After two years of numerous tests, sacrificing and analysing hundreds of birds, I finally found a food which began to prepare the birds for table from the beginning of their lives. In the rearing of any animal, the direction that the animal will take later has to be considered; as those which have to be fattened have to be helped to attain quicker development (in my case propensity to put on flesh easily) by a liberal and suitable diet from the start. The more quickly an animal grows the more concentrated the food should be, and everyone knows how quickly poultry mature compared to the length of their lives.

So my efforts were directed towards a food, adapted to the birds crops, containing a very great amount of highly digestible nutrients, and calculated to form the maximum of tissue. This food has been condensed in such a way that the small quantity they can at first absorb will contain sufficient aliments. It is very rich in assimilable phosphoric acid, lime, potash, soda, oxide of iron, magnesia, manganese, chlorine, etc., extracted from cereals. As it is a well known fact that animals do not retain in the body all the mineral and vegetable salts given to them, so the food has to be studied to give the birds a quantity which will not tire their organism, and at the same time will be sufficient. Potash, soda, lime and magnesia are fixed in about the same quantities in the body, whereas phosphoric acid is held back in increasing quantity, which means that the more the animal grows the more it retains of it. Once completely developed it does not retain it any more. A scientific ration is a very complicated business, as it must be studied to fulfil the requirements of the growing animal. The filling up of the crop has to be considered, besides the necessary amount of nutrients. The food must also contain a proportion of digestible crude fibre, not only to give bulk and enlarge the crop, but to facilitate the mechanical work of the intestines. I wanted this food, too, to counteract the tendency that some birds have to anæmia and tuberculosis, therefore, by a judicious introduction of assimilable iron I enriched the hæmoglobin in the blood (hæmoglobin is the red globules of the blood). An animal which has enough of it will never be subject to tuberculosis; it is anæmia which opens the way to bacilli, by the deficiency of hæmoglobin in the blood. Such a great improvement in the development of cattle has been brought about by concentrated food, and it has proved so profitable for infants, that there is no reason why a concentrated food should not be good for baby chicks. It goes without saying that the preparation of this food can only be done by people fully acquainted with the value of food stuffs and their manipulation. In all probability my formula will be manufactured in England within a short time.

As many of my readers may have, as I myself have had, a prejudice against compound foods, the profitable adjuncts to the commercial ration on which I have fed my birds previously will be found in this article. They were made to increase the value and productiveness of the uniform and unscientific Flemish ration. In the feeding of fowls either for commercial purposes or in other poultry businesses the protein ration generally given is too high. My birds, as the result of experiments, receive a ration higher in fat and hydro-carbonaceous food, for I found that young birds require more fat, as well as a greater quantity of bone forming food. They need also plenty of heat producing material, obtained only by fat and carbonaceous foods, as they make proportionately more bone and fat than flesh. It is really wonderful how little heat, if kept in this way, the small chicks require. What they need is the internal warmth generated in their own bodies. This is a great factor of their well-being, as with it they can bear a colder and more changeable temperature with greater facility. All healthy young ones are very fat, and science has proved lately that they can absorb and digest a greater quantity of fat than was thought possible formerly. If the cost of digestible protein were about the same as digestible carbohydrates (hydro-carbonaceous food) it would be of very little importance if more protein were given than necessary—although a ration high in protein food, if used in excess, might be liable to overtax the kidneys, and even to intoxicate the animal—as protein without exception performs the function of carbo-hydrates and fat. But protein matter is considerably more expensive than fat and carbonaceous food, so we have to use it with economy. A glance into the marvellous science of feeding will show us that the birds find in their ration, even if not rich in protein matters, a sufficient quantity of it, and it will teach us to avoid a lot of bowel troubles by more rational feeding. The birds are able to extract protein from the non-protein substances they receive with the help of bacteria,

which change them into protein in the intestines. The bacteria increase the decomposition of protein matter, enabling, consequently, a greater proportion of it to be free for the making of body protein. This fact being clear, I strongly advise my readers to reduce the proportion of the meat meal given in the standard commercial ration to a proportion of 2 per cent. instead of the 5 per cent. advocated in Flemish feeding. With skimmed milk, which is used in the mash during the first six weeks, the eggs and other materials, the birds will have sufficient protein. Afterwards, when they are about five weeks old, the meat meal should be gradually increased until it attains a proportion of 5 per cent. when the birds are eight weeks old. At this time a ration higher in protein becomes necessary to develop the fibre of the flesh and enable them to store up a larger quantity of fat. This increase reduces the stoppage in growth that always occurs at this period of their lives. In the meantime it stimulates their organisms in the most satisfactory manner. Later, when the birds reach nine and a half weeks old, it will be well to decrease the meat meal gradually, in order that they receive only a proportion of 2 per cent. till their departure from the house. Not only does the decreasing of meat meal make the ratio higher in hydro-carbonaceous food, but the introduction of buckwheat meal instead of pollard induces them to put on fat splendidly.

The Flemish ration can be improved by the addition of the following foodstuffs given alternately. The five rations will serve as models. One foodstuff may be changed for another without altering its value.

Two spoonfuls of common cod-liver oil are introduced to these additions for every 100 birds.

1. Five per cent. of cocked cracked rice, which is cheaper than whole rice, with 5 per cent. of cooked crushed wheat.
2. Five per cent. of cocked *peeled* potatoes and 5 per cent. of cooked crushed wheat.
3. Five per cent. of cooked maize meal with 5 per cent. of cooked crushed wheat, maize to be given only until the birds are five weeks old, as it would alter the quality of the flesh.
4. Five per cent. of cooked crushed buckwheat with 5 per cent. of cooked potatoes, or 5 per cent. of rice meal with five *entire* eggs for 100 birds, to be given when the birds are between six and seven weeks old; at this age they are able to digest the albumen of the egg. The eggs are to be either hard boiled and passed through a sieve, or given raw and well beaten, and then added to the rice or potatoes. It will be found that the lecithin ( $C_{42}H_{81}NO_5P$ ) contained in the eggs helps them greatly towards feathering. In all these varied foods a minced sugar beet cooked with the food will be relished by, and beneficial to, the birds. A little salt should not be forgotten.

Such changes excite and stimulate their appetites and are no extra cost to the commercial feeding, because 10 per cent. of these stuffs take the place of 10 per cent. subtracted from the basal ration. The mash should be mixed three times a day for various reasons, but specially on account of the skimmed milk contained in it, in which germs of disease may find an excellent *terrain de culture* for the development of microbes brought in by dust, etc. As microbes rapidly increase in virulence, the food has always to be made freshly, otherwise it may cause sickness and even death. When the birds are six weeks old the milk must be slowly decreased in such a way that what is saved in the sixth week may be spread over the first days of the seventh week.

If milk were not such a watery product (75 per cent. at least is water) it would be highly beneficial for partially making up for the lack of vegetable and mineral salts in the mash; unfortunately iron is very scantily represented in milk, and this product is so diluted that small birds cannot extract enough of the phosphoric acid, lime, etc., that it contains. The birds require assimilable phosphates, vegetable and mineral salts; their organisms appear to literally crave for them. These mineral and vegetable salts are lacking in all animals. Calves, even if fed exclusively on milk meant for them by nature, show an eagerness for these substances which demonstrates undoubtedly that they do not receive the quantity required by their organisms; they always try to eat chalk, mortar, or other mineral substances.

This deficiency appears to be general, for we see it also in human beings. It indicates that our foods, and the foods given to animals, are lacking in these precious substances, probably on account of the deficiencies of the soil. In the natural rearing of chickens, when they wander about with their mother, they add to their diet thousands of bits in which they find part of these important salts. Whether the chicks are reared for breeding or laying purposes, or for table, it is most essential to help them to feather and develop rapidly,



especially if they are reared for breeding, as then they need a bigger frame, greater stamina and richness of blood. We shall obtain all that with quickness of production by giving them a large quantity of assimilable phosphates, mineral and vegetable salts extracted by a distillation of cereals—the recipe of it will be found in "Egg Production"—as it has a wonderful effect on the vigour and laying power of the hens as well as on the moult. In the Flemish method a small proportion of grain is spread on the litter to encourage the birds to scratch, as it is only when the limbs are used that the muscles and bones mature satisfactorily. I constructed for this purpose several covered boxes about 3ft. by 2ft. and 8in. deep, raised 6in. from the floor, placed in the recreation room. These boxes are partially filled with chaff, sand, cut straw, etc., on which the grain is spread. Twice in the morning and twice in the afternoon the boxes are opened, the little birds jump into them and scratch to their hearts' content with wonderful vigour. The cover of the boxes is V-shaped, with a loose wire spread on the top of the V similar to the guard troughs. This jumping up at the grain, running into the sleeping compartment to eat, and the running to the recreation room again to drink, give them sufficient exercise. Although I am working against my own interest, which is to keep to myself the little secrets of the trade, to which I attribute the quality of the flesh and the splendid assimilation of the food, I will share with my readers another of these secrets, as I want them to be successful. Among the numerous books I have read on scientific feeding, I came across some very interesting tests made on geese by a German experimental station. The most important article of diet used in these experiments was charcoal; not given in little quantities to birds as in England, but given in enormous quantity to the geese under experiments. The animals subjected to the test increased in weight, quality and fat in a wonderful manner. Naturally I began to study this food in connection with chickens, giving it to them in a granulated form and in an automatic hopper, from which they could eat it *ad libitum*. The result was that they never had enough of it, and the quantity required to satisfy them was so great that I could not keep up with the crushing of charcoal. Having realised already the economy and the effect on the birds, I bought a special crusher for nitrates, worked with an engine, as are all my other machines. This crusher separated the granules from the powder. A certain quantity of the powder was added to the mash—with a view to better disguising the composition of my food—and was soon increased to two buckets against one of meal. Subtracted charcoal is known in the human pharmacopœia as a splendid filter and disinfectant of the bowels; it prevents intestinal disorders and the formation of gases. So I had no fear of hurting the birds in giving such a quantity; I trusted to their instinct and was right. They never were in better health and of better quality. Charcoal is nothing more than burned wood. Lately the Germans have found the feeding value of the pulp of trees, but the nutrients of the wood being transformed by carbonisation appear to be of very little value as a food. The beneficial effect of it must be attributed to a better extraction or fixation of the nutrients. Whatever it may be, the improvement of the birds was so marvellous that I am convinced I owe to charcoal the fact that the greater part of my birds could be killed and sold without having to pass through the fattening pens. Accordingly I was paid a better price for them than that quoted in the balance sheet, which represents the average price of the birds bought in similar establishments.

The following balance sheet requires some explanation. The feeding of the birds has been 11 kilos. of dry matter each. The average weight of a newly born chick is about 40 grammes. It weighs when sold at twelve weeks old (sometimes, as in my case, at eleven weeks) a minimum average weight of 1 kilo. 750 grammes. All the foods—meal, green, charcoal, phosphates—have been reckoned at an average price of 180fr. the 1,000 kilos. Although the greater part of these ingredients does not cost this price—the meat meal and oil cost more—some will make up for the others. Half a litre of milk has been given daily to each bird for six weeks, which amounts to 22½ litres per bird. As far as I could make out, food and wages are about the same cost in both countries.

The wages of a manager, and the percentage allowed to him, amount to £240 yearly, which could be avoided when the business is supervised by the proprietor. I find that a responsible head man costs me half the price of a manager. If a manager is obligatory, I would, for my part, choose someone with a money interest in the success of the business. I consider this most essential. I would

also like my readers to realise how profitable is the breeding of pigs as a consumer of waste products. From the distillation of cereals we get an enormous quantity of valuable food for them. The addled eggs, the dead-in-shell chickens, the 6,000 dead chickens, the refuse of the mash, to which the grass of the land must be added, all make an excellent diet for pigs. The profit shown in the balance sheet is much below the expectation of what can be obtained; but, to be on the right side, I put the profit as low as possible, and reckoned full expenses. The number of birds is produced from October till the end of May or June.

#### PRICE OF THE CHICKENS AND EXPENSES OF A MODERN REARING ESTABLISHMENT.

EXPENSES.		
	Francs.	s. d.
72,000 eggs bought yearly, of which 50 per cent. chickens are hatched = 36,000 (6,000 of these die). One chicken costs two eggs at average price of 0.20fr. = 1.92d. .. .. .	0.40	0 3.84
Feeding of chicken for 1st month .. 0.5fr. 4.8d.		
2nd .. .. 0.6 5.76		
3rd .. .. 0.8 7.68	1.9	1 6.24
40,000 kilos (88.169lb.) of litter (straw or peat-moss) at 40fr. per 1,000 kilos. (= £1 12s.) is 1,600fr. (= £64) ÷ 30,000 .. .. .	0.054	0 0.5184
30,000 kilos coal (66.136lb.) at 24fr. per 1,000 kilos (= 19s. 2.4d.) = 720fr. (= £28 16s.) ÷ 30,000 .. .. .	0.024	0 0.2304
Electricity, 300fr. (= £12) ÷ 30,000 .. .. .	0.010	0 0.0960
Petrol: One incubator burning for twenty-one days monthly = 252 days yearly, at 4 litres (3.5qts.) per day = 1,008 litres (220.5gal.); fourteen incubators are used = 14,112 litres (= 3,087gal.) per annum. Fourteen rearers burned daily for 320 days, an average of 20.160 litres petrol, has added per bird .. .. .	0.183	0 1.7568
Percentage allowed to men: Suppose mortality not greater than 2 per cent. (three men each receive 0.03fr. = 0.288d.) .. .. .	0.09	0 0.8640
Manager receives per bird .. .. .	0.04	0 0.3840
Each chick costs .. .. .	2.701	2 1.9296

	Francs.	£	s. d.
30,000 chicks cost .. .. .	81,030.00	3,241	4 0
Twenty per cent. chicks falling off (our numbers are 30,000 birds living, 6,000 chicks have been lost) at 0.40fr. (= 3.84d.) .. .. .	2,400.00	96	0 0
Interest on 100,000fr. capital (= £4,000) at 4 per cent. is .. .. .	4,000.00	160	0 0
Two and a half acres, ground rent and manager's house .. .. .	2,500.00	100	0 0
Depreciation of material .. .. .	2,000.00	80	0 0
Wages of three men at 100fr. (£4) per month each .. .. .	3,600.00	144	0 0
Wages of manager at 400fr. (£16) per month .. .. .	4,800.00	192	0 0
	100,330.00	4,013	4 0

RECEIPTS.			
	Francs.	£	s. d.
Sale of 15,000 couples weighing 1.750 kilos (3.858lb.) each (average price, low estimate, 8.50fr.) = 6s. 9 3.5d. per couple .. .. .	127,500.00	5,100	0 0
On 50 per cent. bad eggs, 16,000 are infertile, and sold at 0.05fr. (0.48d.) .. .. .	800.00	32	0 0
Manure sold at 60fr. (=£2 8s.) per month .. .. .	720.00	28	16 0
Refuse, addles, grass, etc., is enough to feed ten sows, each giving twelve little pigs = 120. Each sold at 12fr. (=9s. 7 1.5d.) at six or seven weeks old .. .. .	1,440.00	57	12 0
	130,460.00	5,218	8 0

			PROFIT.					
Total receipts	..	..	..	..	..	130,460.00	5,218	8 0
„ expenses	..	..	..	..	..	100,330.00	4,013	4 0
Net profit						..	..	..
						30,130.00	1,205	4 0

From which 10,000fr. (= £400) should be taken for ten years to refund initial capital of 100,000fr. (= £4,000), and 20 per cent. dividend should be distributed.

	Francs.	£	s.	d.
Percentage allowed to men : If mortality is 4 per cent. each man receives 0.020fr. per bird (=0.192d.) .. .. .	0.020	0	0	0.192
Three men receive 0.06fr. on each bird (=0.576d.) .. .. .	0.06	0	0	0.576
If mortality were 5 per cent., each man receives 0.015fr.(=0.24d.) per bird ..	0.015	0	0	0.144
Three men receive .045fr. (=0.72d.) per bird	0.045	0	0	0.432
If mortality were 6 per cent., each man receives only 0.01fr.(=0.096d.) per bird	0.01	0	0	0.096
Three men receive 0.03fr.(=0.288d.) per bird	0.03	0	0	2.88

1fr. = 9.6d.; 25fr. = £1; 1 kilo = 1,000gr. = 2.205 (avoirdupois); 1 litre = 1½ pints (practically).

(To be continued on August 14th.)

# WARSAW.

By C. HAGBERG WRIGHT, LL.D.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE.

TO awaken my memories of Warsaw is to recall, in the first place, a sense of painful mystery, and the bewilderment of a traveller in a foreign town on finding himself suddenly bereft of the friend who had drawn him thither. A young Pole whom I met in his student days in Moscow was the magnet that attracted me to Warsaw, some fifteen years ago. Since we parted company upon my return to England our friendship has been strengthened by his frequent letters—letters intimate, self-revealing and voluminous as no Englishman's ever are—and at length we agreed to spend our summer holiday together in the historic city on the banks of the Vistula, whose gardens and palaces had been known to him from childhood.

I arrived. He met me at the station, and we talked till late that evening, renewing our old fellowship, and promising ourselves many hours of leisured roving in and around Warsaw. When we said good night I went back to my hotel eager for the morning. I never saw nor heard of him again. I waited indoors all day, growing hourly more restless and perturbed. To no purpose. The hotel people merely shrugged their shoulders and said probably I knew the gentleman was a suspect. He had been long under police supervision. There were many possibilities. Finally I set forth, guide book in hand, and after surveying the ancient castle of the Polish Kings which stands in the heart of the city, surrounded by

terraces and gardens, I climbed the rising ground from which the citadel dominates Warsaw. It is singular in being modern. It dates no further back than 1831, when it was built by the Russians to overawe the revolutionaries after the violent outbreak of 1830, and has neither picturesque antiquity nor patriotic associations.

So much I had gathered from my ill-fated friend, and my object in reaching that vantage-ground was chiefly to obtain a general view of the town and its environs. Tiers of tall houses, barracks, churches and monasteries descended to the Vistula, where cargo-boats and pleasure steamers bustled and flitted backwards and forwards. Beyond the broad ochre-coloured stream was a crowded area of poor dwellings and factories, the suburb of Praga from which the great main railroad to Moscow and Petrograd traverses the Lithuanian plain. I remembered, shuddering, the infinite variety of unsavoury smells I had encountered on my drive from the station the previous day—smells only indirectly traceable to the neighbouring distilleries and tanneries—and glancing back to the central square with the statue of King Vasa encircled by fountains, and to the barracks that were formerly a royal residence, I determined to make that spot once more my *point de départ*.

I had it in view to visit the famous Castle of Vilanov, which the hotel porter told me was within walking distance, but, after traversing a beautiful linden avenue leading to

the parade ground and military hospital, and thence through the botanic gardens into the Lazienki Park, I was glad to sit down and look about me. On the bridge, by which one approaches the Palace of Lazienki, is an equestrian statue of John Sobieski, by whose valiance Vienna was saved from the Turks in 1682. Sobieski received scant gratitude for his splendid services from the weak-kneed Emperor Leopold, and forfeited besides the friendship of Louis XIV. who desired the abasement of Austria, but his fame rang through Europe



THE PALACE OF THE KINGS OF POLAND.





THE LAZIENKI PALACE OF THE POLISH KINGS.



THE STAGE OF THE ANCIENT THEATRE IN THE LAZIENKI GARDENS.

While my eyes rested on the statue of the greatest of the Kings of Poland, I recalled a passage in a letter to his beautiful and exacting wife, in which he describes the tents of the retinue of Kara Mustapha, the defeated vizier, as covering a space equal in extent to Lemberg or Warsaw, and adorned with baths, gardens and fountains.

From Sobieski himself my thoughts wandered to his fair grand-daughter, the Princess Clementina, whose marriage

the key to my friend's mysterious disappearance, I lingered on, visiting the principal places of interest and realising more clearly day by day that Warsaw, the centre of a network of railways, with busy river traffic and numerous factories, was a highly prosperous mercantile city from which the glamour of princely state had faded never to return. Even the castle of Vilanov (now the property of Count Krasinski), whither I drove on my last morning in Warsaw, has the lifeless air of an

historical museum, vulgarised by the trail of the tourist. It was built by Turkish prisoners for John Sobieski, and it was here he died in 1696 on the day which was the anniversary of the date of his birth and also of his election to the throne. The chief beauty of the grounds lies in the long poplar alleys, down which the great warrior king must often have paced in troubled contemplation of the factious unrest of his beloved Poland. A few fine statues, notably that of the famous Polish astronomer, Copernicus, by Thorwaldsen, adorn the streets and squares; but the public gardens, such as the



THE MARKET SQUARE.

with James Stuart, son of James II, has made her scarcely less dear to the writers of romance than her ill-starred son, the Young Pretender.

Lazienki, with its walls hung with the Court beauties of a bye-gone day, its long façade mirrored in the ornamental water, and its embowering trees has something of the half sylvan, half architectural charm of Hampton Court. Here the last King of Poland, Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski,

Garden de Saxe and the Botanic Gardens, form the most attractive features of Warsaw. These and the Linden avenues give an air of vernal luxuriance to this city of the plains in summer time which triumphs over the squalor and overcrowding of the Jewish quarter and the mean streets of the old town on the hillside.

The history of Warsaw is a history of continually recurring strife and bloodshed, and once more her fate hangs in the balance. One hundred years have passed since Napoleon appeared to the Poles as a possible deliverer from the power of Austria, and since, by the Treaty of Vienna, a measure of political freedom and self-government was given to Poland. The blood of her people was too fevered to be thus automatically cooled, her wounds were too deep to be closed by congress. The continual influx of Jews and German colonists and the growing prosperity of Warsaw failed to counterbalance the insistent longing of the native born to free their country from foreign rule.



THE FORMER TREASURY OF THE KINGDOM OF POLAND.

spent his summers, and Louis XVIII found a home during his years of exile from France. The wooded islet, with its pseudo-Greek theatre, was then the scene of elaborate ballets and water pageants, and the flower of the Polish nobility thronged the park which is now thrown open to the townsfolk of Warsaw.

Unwilling to turn my steps homewards without achieving some part of my original intentions, and hoping still for

In 1830 they made their great effort, but in vain, and, after a struggle which lasted for ten months, surrendered. The might of Russia brought the unhappy kingdom into complete and, as it would seem, final subjection, and it now remains to be seen whether in the last resort the melting pot of war may effect a fusion and a union of jarring elements which the cold iron of armed peace was powerless to enforce.



## LITERATURE.

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE *Book of France*, edited by Miss Winifred Stephens, and published by Messrs. Macmillan under the auspices of a committee of which M. Paul Cambon is the president, has a double purpose—to raise money for the relief of the invaded departments, and to form yet another bond of friendship and understanding between France and England. It has also a double interest. There is one interest of the original contributions by the most famous of French writers, and another of the translations made by English authors of equal distinction. Thus we have M. Anatole France, translated by Mr. H. G. Wells; M. Remy de Gourmont, by Mr. Thomas Hardy; M. Maurice Barrès, by Mr. Henry James; and M. Pierre Loti, by Sir Sidney Colvin.

It is difficult to make a particular choice, but if we apply the test of our desire to read again, then we shall boldly pass over the contributions of the most eminent of Frenchmen and divide the first place in our admiration between two famous ladies, the Dowager Duchesse de Rohan and Mme. Duclaux. Their respective contributions are of entirely different types, but they have two qualities in common. They make us love the writers, and they are filled with the very spirit of France—in the fine words of Mr. Henry James, "our incalculable, immortal France." The Duchesse de Rohan gives us the diary of her life as a Red Cross nurse. At the outbreak of war she underwent a short course of training, and was then attached to the Auxiliary Military Hospital at Rennes. Her special work was that of dispensing, and she made *tisanes*, lotions and washes for the wounded soldiers. She sets down more or less at random little incidents of the day—how, when the washing came home, each nurse fought to get the warmest shirts and the longest handkerchiefs for her own wounded; how the men would improvise a concert without instruments, playing on a key or a piece of wood; how there were many orders and counter-orders, and she got over the difficulty by saying, "Article 27, my children, obey, without trying to understand." It seems so simple, almost so commonplace a little record, that the beauty of it only comes home to us when we feel ourselves suddenly inclined to cry. And anyone might be forgiven for crying over the adorable letter, as the Duchesse calls it, written to her on her departure by all her wounded men, a letter of respectful friendliness that is the very perfection of natural good manners: "Un mot montait instinctivement de notre cœur pour vous dire: 'Merci Maman.'"

Mme. Duclaux, who is so well known to all readers of COUNTRY LIFE, has the inestimable advantage of being her own translator, and it is certain that no one else could have done the work so well. When the war broke out she was, together with her mother and sister and three maidservants, in the country of Brie, "those high-lying, rolling plains that reach from the Marne to the Seine, lifting their gentle eminence above the Valois valleys and the chalky levels of Champagne." It was in this country, of which she gives a truly enchanting picture, that she heard the furious peals of the drum and saw the bill-stickers posting up the notices of mobilisation. She describes the soldiers, determined to sell their lives dearly, but filled with a belief in the invincibility of Prussia, a heritage of 1870 swept away once and for all by the battle of the Marne. With the enemy coming nearer and nearer, a retreat became imperative, and the household of women moved to Melun. From Melun in its turn began a general exodus; refugees poured through the town and most of the well-to-do inhabitants took flight, but the ladies gallantly stood their ground, and were rewarded by feeling at first hand the thrill of the victory of the Marne, almost by seeing with their own eyes the Prussians checked and hurled back. One day the British Staff was at Melun, and Mme. Duclaux, seeing a British soldier in the street mending his bicycle, asked how the fight was going and whether there was much danger. "Well, Miss," he answered, "it's like this: the place is full up with Generals; and I don't know how it is, but I've always noticed where there's so many Generals there's not much danger!"

Two days later she saw the British troops being rushed up to some critical point. "I heard a long thundering rumble out of doors. Looking out, I saw in the road the whole transport of the English Force, every car covered with clusters and swarms of laughing soldiers, tearing at the utmost

rate of their machines in the direction of Coulommiers. The great grey lorries, too heavy for such a pace, pitched and swayed in the most alarming manner; at every instant I thought I should see some of those brave and cheerful Tommies hurled off into space. It was a headlong course, the oddest, most precipitate of chariot-races." Mme. Duclaux is astonishingly vigorous and vivid, but she never exaggerates, and never loses her restraint or her humour.

One word should be said about the translations as such. The distinguished translators teach a valuable lesson both in the proper modesty with which they have sunk their own personalities and the courage with which they have occasionally taken a justifiable freedom. Now and again, in an otherwise good piece of work, a translator is seen to have exceeded his proper functions. Here is one instructive example. M. Eugène Brieux ends his letter to a young soldier with these words, "Encore une fois mon enfant, courage et bonne chance. Et laisse-moi t'envoyer un baiser, moi qui n'ai pas de fils, à toi qui n'as pas de père." This is the translation. "And now, once again, God bless you, my comrade, my brother whom I have never seen! May this letter reach you, written by one who has no son, to you who have no father! I clasp your hand." Here the original image of the father sending a kiss to the son is both natural and pretty. We cannot think that the substitution of a brother and handshake, allowing it for a moment to be permissible, is in any sense an improvement.

While we learn from these translations how such work should be done, we learn something also of the limitations which are inherent in the nature of language. M. Remy de Gourmont, in writing of the now homeless villagers of France, ends with these words, "C'est pour eux que j'ai écrit ces quatre mots, pauvres cœurs!" Mr. Thomas Hardy's translation is, "Poor hearts! For them I write these lines." It would be hard to suggest how it could have been better or more faithfully done, and yet there is some quality in the French which has gone out of the English. The touchingness seems to be in the "pauvres cœurs" coming at the end of the sentence, and it cannot be reproduced.

**The German Peril**, by Frederic Harrison. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

FOR more than fifty years Mr. Harrison has studied international politics; his knowledge of France and French politics is exceptional, and he has friends in Germany also, and has resided in that country from time to time. He has here reprinted a number of articles, addresses, and letters to the papers, which he wrote during the last half century in order to warn Europe and Britain of the Prussian peril. He raised his voice from the first against the "Bismarckism" which began its work in 1864 and culminated in 1914. If the book mainly consists of "I told you so," Mr. Harrison has more excuse than most men for taking this attitude. Why was not more attention paid to his warnings? Perhaps because he was opposed in so many points to those who might have been expected to share his apprehensions: he was a Positivist, a Republican, an impenitent Little Englander. Yet while he held as firmly as ever to all these opinions, he insisted as strongly as the editor of the "National Review" on our need for more ships and more soldiers. The most interesting chapter in the book is new: it contains an extract from his private diary written at Lausanne on July 15, 1914, in which he reviewed the European situation just a fortnight before the catastrophe, and speculated on what he felt sure was at hand. The last chapter also is new: this is an address written in April of this year to the students of Aberdeen University, which speaks of the new conditions, economic, social, and religious, which mankind will have to face when peace returns. Though Mr. Harrison is in his eighty-fourth year, he writes with the force and directness of youth: thus he does not call the argument of the "Great Illusion" a sanguine speculation; he calls it "idiotic drivel." Treitschke is an "apostle of mendacious swagger," and the War Lord figures as "Caligula-Attila."

**Maria Again**, by Mrs. John Lane. (The Bodley Head.)

MRS. JOHN LANE achieved such a brilliant success with "According to Maria" that it was perhaps inevitable that any sequel to that witty book should fall a little below the high standard she set for herself. Maria's strivings and manoeuvrings, her exultations and disappointments, her absolutely shameless egotism and terrible frankness where her friends and enemies were concerned, were vastly entertaining. But now we have Maria "arrived," and more or less satisfied; her ready tongue has lost much of its sting, and something of its unconscious humour has gone too. Maria is still clever, still amusing, still uncannily discerning. Her comments on the drama, for example, and on the Kaiser and paternal love, are quite in her best style, and those who have never met her before will welcome her warmly; but we who remember the old Maria, while giving her approval in generous measure, feel inclined to say to her new readers, "Ah, you should have known her when she was young."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### DORSETSHIRE AND THE WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your article on "What the Country Gentleman has done in Dorset" you mention the name of Second Lieutenant H. G. M. Mansel-Pleydell, who belongs to an old Dorset family. He has lately been given the D.S.O. for "gallantry and ability on Hill 60 on May 5th, when though wounded, he commanded his platoon in the trenches with great skill and coolness, and later took charge of the whole of his company after his captain had been wounded." It was largely due to him that a portion of the trenches was regained. Another officer attached to the 1st Battalion of the Dorsets has also distinguished himself and won the Military Cross—Lieutenant R. V. Kestell-Cornish, whose exploit was thus described by "Eye-witness" (May 7th), but without naming him: "Among other deeds of gallantry which have been performed during the last week may be mentioned the defence of a trench which was held by only four men and an officer—all that was left of the original garrison. They were all suffering terribly from the effects of gas, but remained at their posts until reinforcements arrived."—"Dorset."

### WHERE NO WAR IS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a scene which must be familiar to many of your readers who have made Grindelwald the centre of their summer holiday in happier times; indeed some of them may have heard this very peasant awakening the mountain echoes with his gigantic cow-horn. The great mass very faintly showing in the background, so faintly indeed that I am afraid it will not appear at all in a reproduction, is the Wetterhorn.—D. McLEISH.

### ANOTHER "NEW IDEA."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to your correspondent's letter regarding "Seed Tape" and Mr. Harold Bastin's explanatory remarks, it does not appear to be generally known that this idea of sowing seeds attached to a tape was first brought to notice nearly twenty years ago. Experiments then made indicated that the method was of little practical utility, and we formed the opinion that the sole advantage of the "Seed Tape" was that it enabled the seed to be sown thinly. The importance of thin sowing has always been urged by us when flower or vegetable seeds are to be sown, though it is proved that grass and clover seeds give more profitable and better results when the maximum amount of seed is sown. We consider this single advantage of the invention to be quite outweighed by its many disadvantages, and it is for this reason that gardeners and agriculturists find little use for the idea which now appears to be "boomed" again by our pushing American cousins. Mr. Bastin asks whether "our big



### IN HOPES OF FAVOURS TO COME.

seed firms could be induced to put up agricultural seeds in this way," and for the sake of British trade prestige we can assure him that the leading English seed houses are always sufficiently up to date to be able to supply the markets with anything new which practical experience proves to be an advantage to the more successful cultivation of farm or garden crops.—JAMES CARTER AND CO.

### A FERRET'S CARE FOR HER LITTLE ONES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The photograph which you published on July 17th shows the exact way in which most small animals move their young—cats, ferrets, dogs, rats, and, I believe, mice employing the same method. A cat of mine once brought home a nest of young rabbits in this way, one by one, putting



### AWAKENING THE ECHOES OF THE METTENBERG.

them in her own nest-box, and did her best to mother them, an act which was a failure.—SENEX.

### YEW TREES DYING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was shown yesterday a large yew, perhaps 50 or 100 years old, which up to last year was of vigorous and healthy growth. This spring it began to show signs of turning yellow, and now the whole tree is dead and brown (to all outward appearances) like the branchlet which is enclosed herewith. The tree is growing alongside a similar specimen, part of a clump of mixed shrubs on a lawn (an apparently quite favourable site), and to all appearance the other shrubs are in their wonted good health, but a closer examination of the adjoining yew discloses the fact that many of its inner branches are beginning to turn yellow now, as its fellow did some months ago. I enclose also one of these half-yellowed twigs. The trunks and limbs of the trees look quite healthy, and I could detect no cause for their dying, but in a wood near by we found several other yews apparently similarly affected and beginning to turn yellow. It would be a great loss to the amenities of the house were all these yews to die off, and it is in the hope that you, or some of your correspondents, may be able to suggest a cause and a remedy that I trouble you with these specimens. Their owner anxiously awaits your report.—GEORGE BOLAM.

[There is nothing about the twigs of yew sent for examination that would account for the death of the tree, and it is possible that the injury may have been brought about by root trouble. It would be wise to get a reliable man to open holes about the roots and ascertain whether they are healthy or not. If the roots are badly diseased there can be little hope of saving the tree, but if they are healthy it would be a good plan to cut the dead branches back close to the trunk and endeavour to refurnish the tree by the encouragement of young shoots from the main trunk. Any branches that are cut off should be burnt at once for fear there is any harmful fungus about them. If the roots are healthy a little surface soil may be removed from about the tree and the deficiency made good by the application of a layer of good loamy soil and leaf mould.—ED.]

### GIPSIES IN SURREY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of some gipsy children, taken in one of the beautiful lanes of Surrey. This, evidently was not the first time these little nomads, had posed for the photographer, for the moment they caught sight of the camera they clustered around, exclaiming excitedly in a most awful gibberish. The one English word among all their jargon was "penny." Their non-descript clothing speaks of hardships they must endure, and judging by the rough and tumble scramble for the coppers when thrown on the ground, a penny or two must represent wealth to these children of the road.—LEO. V. DOWLING.



## "CRUMBS OF COMFORT."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This photograph is of a book with a bottle in it. The flyleaf is of lead to keep it steady. The title engraved on the back of morocco leather is

"Crums of Comfort." With its clasps it much resembles a prayer-book. The only other one I have seen is called "Book of Common Prayer."



## THE HYPOCRITE.

When pews were high and sermons long, one can readily understand the reason and manner of its use.—H. T. BARKER.

## NEW POTATOES AT CHRISTMAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the late forties of last century my father set, in the month of August, a long, narrow bed with old potato seed as an experiment. The bed had a wall of birch along each side, and there was a cover arrangement, part of glass and part of wood, to be used in the early frosts. The sets came up in due course, and, a month later, were up and "hilled," after which the covers were carefully attended to. There wasn't a big crop, but some very good tubers were put in big jars, covered with fine dry sand, the jars sunk in the ground, the result being new potatoes in Christmas week.—T. R.

[Judging from queries received from our readers, the possibility of a second potato crop appears to be new to many of them, and it is interesting to see from T. R.'s letter that it is by no means a recent experiment.—Ed.]

## A WONDERFUL ECHIU AT CASTLEWELLAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a wonderful echium in the gardens of Castlewellan, Ireland. It came, as a little plant, from Lord Walsingham's garden in the South of France about three years ago, and for two years was kept



AN ECHIU IN IRELAND, NEARLY 8FT. HIGH.

borders at Castlewellan, spent the winter out and is now of the height and splendour seen in the picture, that is to say, 7ft. 10in. high, and a blaze of rosy pink flowers. The photograph was taken just at the beginning of July.—H. G. H.

## THE END OF AN OLD CAPE DUTCH HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On June 22nd the homestead at Elsenburg was totally destroyed by fire. Elsenburg is about thirty-eight miles from Cape Town, near to the well known old settlement and scholastic centre of Stellenbosch. The estate is now used as a Government agricultural farm and college, the homestead being used for the accommodation of students. Here many farmers' sons go for a two years' course before starting life in earnest. In addition to agriculture, as is generally understood, fruit and tobacco growing and viticulture are included in the curriculum. But Elsenburg with its thatched roof and old style architecture carried us back to the early days of the Colony. The building bore the date 1761, but it is probably much older, for instances are known of new dates having been placed on some of the old homesteads at a time of general repair or overhaul. The farm was granted by Governor Simon van der Stel towards the close of the seventeenth century to one Samuel Elzevier, and as a house is known to have been erected then, possibly



THE WALLED SLUIT OF ELSENBURG.



THE HOMESTEAD AT ELSENBURG.

in a greenhouse, where it made no growth at all, looked very sickly and was only about a foot high. Last October it was put out into one of the

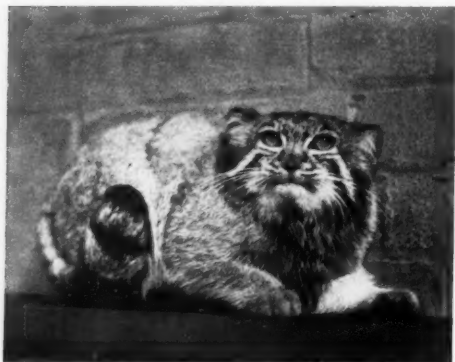
the one now destroyed is the original. In front of the house runs a walled sluice, or canal, which conveyed water to a mill, and is of an earlier date than 1761. Close at hand is a bell-tower, whence the summons pealed out calling in the slaves at noon or evening. On a kopje overlooking the farm is an old Dutch signalling gun, and the visitor sitting beneath one of the beautiful spreading oaks has little difficulty in picturing the bygone days when telegraph and motor-car were unknown.—JOHN ALLINSON, Woodstock, South Africa.

[The news which Mr. Allison sends us of the destruction of so typical a piece of Cape Dutch architecture will distress those readers who remember our article of July 18th, 1914, on the delightful eighteenth century houses at the Cape. We then illustrated the walled-in watercourse at Elsenburg, but Mr. Allison's picture shows another aspect of it. Fortunately, Mr. Herbert Baker has given a new vitality to South African building traditions, and we may hope, therefore, that the homestead will be rebuilt in the spirit of the old work.—Ed.]

## A RARE CAT FROM TIBET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A specimen of the rare Pallas' cat, from Tibet, has just arrived at the Zoological Gardens. The species, when fully grown, attains to the size of a domestic cat. Its fur is of a very unusual colour, being of a silvery grey tint, while its thick, bushy tail is decorated with a number



PALLAS' CAT.

naturalists at the present day. In a wild state Pallas' cat feeds principally upon picas, small rodents, which are known also as tailless hares.—B.

## REARING WILD RABBITS BY HAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A correspondent complains of the difficulty of feeding young rabbits from a glass pen-filler. If she had placed a small piece of rubber tubing, obtained from a doll's feeding bottle, over the glass she would, I think, have found it much simpler. I once brought up a very young kitten in that way, and after one or two attempts the food was taken readily.—F. S.

## SCENTLESS MUSK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have recently been asked why the common musk, *Mimulus moschatus*, has lost its scent. I have been for some years aware of the fact but cannot account for it. It grows here (Monmouthshire) in abundance, and spreads rapidly; as it did also in South Bucks where I formerly lived, but scentless. I have heard it attributed to the bees. Can you, or any of your readers, enlighten my ignorance? —

ALGERNON H. DRUMMOND.



THE VISITOR.

greenfinch did this for several hours for three or four days, whenever the canary was put on the lawn, and the two pecked at each other in a most friendly manner.—D. R. BUCHANAN.

## THE TURNIP DESTROYING PIGEON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shot the pigeon, of which I send a photograph, while it was feeding on the swede turnips. It was so full that when it fell its crop burst, as the picture shows. I killed 5,000 pheasants off 3,000 acres last year, but they did not do as much damage as one-tenth that number of pigeons do. They are now busy eating the oats. Curse them!—C. V. F.

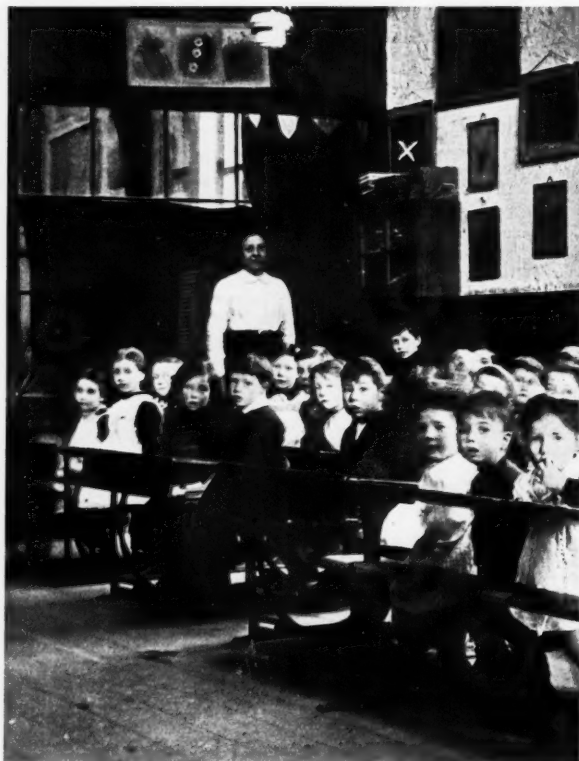
[Our correspondent's photograph, though good, was not quite suitable for reproduction.—ED.]

## NESTING IN A CLASS-ROOM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A robin's nest was built on the top of a cupboard at Otterton School, between two piles of books, at a height of less than six feet from the floor of a schoolroom, in which about forty children and two teachers were at work all day. It was first discovered on March 23rd, and by April 3rd the nest contained five eggs. The school was closed for Easter Week, which

gave the birds a quiet time for sitting. School opened on Tuesday, April 13th and by Sunday, the 18th, the eggs were hatched. During the following fortnight the parent birds were in and out constantly, taking no notice of noise or movement among the children. At ten days old the young birds began to try their wings. They were frequently on the desks or on the floor, and the old birds were never far away, hopping along the desks among the children often if the baby birds happened to be underneath. They finally left us on May 3rd and 4th, after having occupied our room for about six weeks. Since this date another pair of robins has built a nest and brought up a family of four in the room adjoining the above. In this room about seventy children, ranging from seven to fourteen years of age, and three teachers were at work daily. The birds were much more shy, and the lessons in flying were not given during school hours, but I had several opportunities of watching these lessons when alone in the room after the children had gone. All four went safely away. Of the first brood two were accidentally killed. During the feeding-time the parent birds removed everything that was impure or dirty from the nest.—LUCY E. WILLIAMS.



THE SCHOOLROOM.

## A BIRD FRIEND-SHIP.

THE EDITOR.  
SIR,—I have taken the enclosed photograph of a young greenfinch flying up to the cage of a tame canary and exchanging conversation. The



BEGINNING TO TRY THEIR WINGS.